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POCAHONTAS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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P R E F A C E.

SOME of the poems in this volume have never before been published. Others have appeared in America, but are supposed to be equally new here.

Should it be inquired why they are presented to the public in an age not eminently poetical, or why they are offered at all in a country whose literary resources are so rich and abundant, the Author has little to say. Possibly, the kindness and hospitality which have everywhere greeted her may have emboldened her too far,—if so, she hopes to be forgiven;—and may the wild flowers, from the clefts of the rock and the far western forests, which she thus leaves trembling in a foreign clime, never forget to breathe the fragrance of a stranger's gratitude.

L. H. S.

London, March 20th, 1841.

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Pocahontas.

POCAHONTAS.

I.

CLIME of the West! that, slumbering long and deep,
Beneath thy misty mountains' solemn shade,
And, lull'd by melancholy winds that sweep
The unshorn forest and untrodden glade,
Heard not the cry when mighty empires died,
Nor caught one echo from oblivion's tide,
While age on age its stormy voyage made,—
See! Europe, watching from her sea-girt shore,
Extends the sceptred hand and bids thee dream no more.

II.

Say, — was it sweet, in cradled rest to lie,
And 'scape the ills that older regions know?
Prolong the vision'd trance of infancy,
And hide from manhood's toil, mischance and woe?
Sweet, by the margin of thy sounding streams
Freely to rove, and nurse illusive dreams,

Nor taste the fruits on thorny trees that grow,
 The evil, and the sorrow, and the crime,
 That make the harass'd earth grow old before her time ?

III.

Clime of the West ! that to the hunter's bow,
 And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold, —
 Their cone-roof'd wigwams pierc'd the wintry snow,
 Their tassel'd corn crept sparsely through the mould,
 Their bark canoes thy glorious waters clave,
 The chase their glory, and the wild their grave —
 Look up ! a loftier destiny behold,
 For to thy coast the fair-hair'd Saxon steers,
 Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bards and seers.

IV.

Behold a sail ! another, and another !
 Like living things on the broad river's breast ; —
 What were thy secret thoughts, oh, red-brow'd
 brother,
 As toward the shore these white-wing'd wanderers
 prest ? —
 But lo ! emerging from her forest-zone,
 The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
 With nodding plumes her raven tresses drest,
 Of queenly step, and form erect and bold,
 Yet mute with wondering awe, the New World meets
 the Old.

V.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and pride,
Which like a sea doth swell old ocean's sway ; —
With hasting keel, thy pale-fac'd sponsors glide
To keep the pageant of thy christening day.
They bless thy wave, they bid thee leave unsung
The uncouth baptism of a barbarous tongue,
And take his name, — the Stuart's, — first to bind
The Scottish thistle in the lion's mane,
Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile and vain.

VI.

Spring robes the vales. With what a flood of light
She holds her revels in this sunny clime ; —
The flower-sown turf, like bossy velvet bright,
The blossom'd trees exulting in their prime ;
The leaping streamlets in their joyous play,
The birds that frolic 'mid the diamond spray,
Or heavenward soar, with melody sublime : —
What wild enchantment spreads a fairy wing,
As from their prisoning ships the enfranchis'd strangers
spring.

VII.

Their tents are pitch'd, their spades have broke the soil,
The strong oak thunders, as it topples down,
Their lily-handed youths essay the toil,
That from the forest rends its ancient crown :

Where are your splendid halls, which ladies tread,
Your lordly boards, with every luxury spread,
Virginian sires, — ye men of old renown ?
Though few and faint, — your ever-living chain
Holds in its grasp two worlds, across the surging main.

VIII.

Yet who can tell what fearful pangs of woe
Those weary-hearted colonists await,
When to its home the parting ship must go,
And leave them in their exile, desolate ?
Ah, who can paint the peril and the pain,
The failing harvest, and the famish'd train,
The wily foe, with ill-dissembled hate,
The sickness of the heart, the wan despair,
Pining for one fresh draught of its dear native air ?

IX.

Yet, 'mid their cares, one hallow'd dome they rear'd,
To nurse devotion's consecrated flame, —
And there, a wondering world of forests heard,
First borne in solemn chant, Jehovah's name, —
First temple to his service, refuge dear
From strong affliction, and the alien's tear ; —
How swell'd the sacred song, in glad acclaim, —
England, sweet mother ! many a fervent prayer
There pour'd its praise to Heaven, for all thy love and
care.

x.

And they who 'neath the vaulted roof had bow'd
Of some proud minster of the olden time,
Or where the vast cathedral toward the cloud
Rear'd its dark pile, in symmetry sublime,
While through the storied pane the sunbeam play'd,
Tinting the pavement with a glorious shade,
Now breath'd from humblest fane their ancient
chime.

And learn'd they not, His presence sure might dwell
With every seeking soul, tho' bow'd in lowliest cell ?

xi.

Yet not quite unadorned their house of prayer, —
The fragrant offspring of the genial morn
They duly brought ; and fondly offer'd there
The bud that trembles ere the rose is born,
The blue clematis, and the jasmine pale,
The scarlet woodbine, waving in the gale,
The rhododendron, and the snowy thorn,
The rich magnolia, with its foliage fair,
High priestess of the flowers, whose censer fills the air.

xii.

Might not such incense please thee, Lord of love ?
Thou, who with bounteous hand dost deign to show
Some foretaste of thy Paradise above,
To cheer the way-worn pilgrim here below ?

Bidd'st thou 'mid parching sands the flow'ret meek
Strike its frail root, and raise its tinted cheek,
And the slight pine defy the arctic snow,
That even the sceptic's frozen eye may see
On Nature's beauteous page, what lines she writes of Thee!

XIII.

What groups, at sabbath morn, were hither led !
Dejected men, with disappointed frown,
Spoil'd youths, the parents' darling and their dread,
From castles in the air hurl'd ruthless down,
The sea-bronz'd mariner, the warrior brave,
The keen gold-gatherer, grasping as the grave ; —
Oft, 'mid these mouldering walls, which nettles
crown,
Stern breasts have lock'd their purpose and been still,
And contrite spirits knelt, to learn their Maker's will.

XIV.

Here, in his surplice white, the pastor stood, —
A holy man, of countenance serene,
Who, 'mid the quaking earth, or fiery flood,
Unmov'd, in truth's own panoply, had been
A fair example of his own pure creed, —
Patient of error, pitiful to need,
Persuasive wisdom in his thoughtful mien,
And in that Teacher's heavenly meekness blest,
Who lav'd his followers' feet with towel-girded vest.

XV.

Music upon the breeze ! the savage stays
His flying arrow, as the strain goes by ;
He starts, — he listens, — lost in deep amaze,
Breath half-suppress'd, and lightning in his eye.
Have the clouds spoken ? Do the spirits rise
From his dead fathers' graves, with wildering melodies ?
Oft doth he muse, 'neath midnight's solemn sky,
On those deep tones, which, rising o'er the sod,
Bore forth, from hill to hill, the white man's hymn to God.

XVI.

News of the strangers stirr'd Powhatan's dreams,
The mighty monarch of the tribes that roam
A thousand forests, and on countless streams
Urge the swift bark and dare the cataract's foam ; —
The haughtiest chieftains in his presence stood
Tame as a child, and from the field of blood
His war-cry thrill'd with fear the foeman's home :
His nod was death, his frown was fix'd as fate,
Unchangeable his love, invincible his hate.

XVII.

(5) A forest-child, amid the flowers at play !
Her raven locks in strange profusion flowing, —
A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing ;

Yet, whether in her gladsome frolic leaping,
Or 'neath the greenwood shade unconscious sleeping,
Or with light oar her fairy pinnacle rowing,
Still, like the eaglet on its new-fledg'd wing,
Her spirit-glance bespoke the daughter of a king.

XVIII.

But he, that wily monarch, stern and old,
'Mid his grim chiefs, with barbarous trappings bright,
That morn, a court of savage state did hold.
The sentenc'd captive, see, — his brow how white !
Stretch'd on the turf his manly form lies low,
The war-club poises for its fatal blow,
The death-mist swims before his darken'd sight, —
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold, —
Her head on his declines, — her arms his neck enfold.

XIX.

“ The child ! — what madness fires her ? Hence ! Depart !

Fly, daughter, fly ! before the death-stroke rings ;
Divide her, warriors, from that English heart.”

In vain ! — for with convulsive grasp she clings, —
She claims a pardon from her frowning sire ;
Her pleading tones subdue his gather'd ire, —

And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,
That doating father gave the child her will,
And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

XX.

Know'st thou what thou hast done, thou dark-hair'd
child ?

What great events on thy compassion hung ?
What prowess lurks beneath yon aspect mild,
And in the accents of that foreign tongue ?
As little knew the princess who descried
A floating speck on Egypt's turbid tide,—
A bulrush-ark, the matted reeds among,
And, yielding to an infant's tearful smile,
Drew forth Jehovah's seer from the devouring Nile.

XXI.

In many a clime, in many a battle tried,
By Turkish sabre, and by Moorish spear ;
'Mid Afric's sands, or Russian forests wide,
Romantic, bold, chivalrous, and sincere,
Keen-ey'd, clear-minded, and of purpose pure,
Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure,
Was he whom thou hast rescued with a tear :
Thou wert the saviour of the Saxon vine,
And for this deed alone our praise and love are thine.

XXII.

Nor yet for this alone, shall history's scroll
Embalm thine image with a grateful tear ;
For when the grasp of famine tried the soul,
When strength decay'd, and dark despair was near,

Who led her train of playmates, day by day,
O'er rock, and stream, and wild, a weary way,
Their baskets teeming with the golden ear ?
Whose generous hand vouchsaf'd its tireless aid
To guard a nation's germ ? Thine, thine, heroic maid !

XXIII.

On sped the tardy seasons, — and the hate
Of the pale strangers wrung the Indian breast.
Their hoary prophet breath'd the ban of fate : —
“ Hence with the thunderers ! Hide their race, un-
blest,
Deep 'neath the soil they falsely call their own ;
For, from our fathers' graves, a hollow moan,
Like the lash'd surge, bereaves my soul of rest.
'They come ! They come !' it cries. 'Ye once were brave :
Will ye resign the world that the Great Spirit gave ?' ”

XXIV.

Yet, 'neath the settled countenance of guile,
They veil'd their vengeful purpose, dark and dire,
And wore the semblance of a quiet smile,
To lull the victim of their deadly ire :
But ye, who hold of history's scroll the pen,
Blame not too much those erring, red-brow'd men,
Tho' nurs'd in wiles. Fear is the white-lipp'd sire
Of subterfuge and treachery. 'Twere in vain
To bid the soul be true, that writhes beneath his chain.

XXV.

Night, — moonless night! The forest hath no sound,
But the low shiver of its dripping leaves,
Save here and there, amid its depths profound,
The sullen sigh, the prowling panther heaves, —
Save the fierce growling of the cubless bear,
Or tramp of gaunt wolf, rushing from his lair;
Where its slow coil the poisonous serpent weaves :
Who dares the dangerous path, at hour so wild,
With fleet and fawn-like step ?—Powhatan's fearless child !

XXVI.

“ Up, up, — away ! I heard the words of power,
Those secret vows that seal a nation's doom,
Bid the red flame burst forth, at midnight hour,
And make th' unconscious slumberer's bed his tomb,
Spare not the babe — the rose-leaf of a day, —
But shred the sapling, like the oak, away.
I heard the curse ! My soul is sick with gloom :
Wake, chieftains, wake ! avert the hour of dread ! ”
And, with that warning voice, the guardian-angel fled.

XXVII.

On sped the seasons, — and the forest-child
Was rounded to the symmetry of youth ;
While, o'er her features stole, serenely mild,
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,

Her modesty, and simpleness, and grace :
Yet those who deeper scan the human face,
Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,
Might clearly read, upon its heaven-writ scroll,
That high and firm resolve, which nerv'd the Roman soul.

XXVIII.

The simple sports that charm'd her childhood's way,
Her greenwood gambols 'mid the matted vines,
The curious glance, of wild and searching ray,
Where innocence with ignorance combines,
Were chang'd for deeper thought's persuasive air,
Or that high port a princess well might wear :
So fades the doubtful star, when morning shines ;
So melts the young dawn at the enkindling ray,
And on the crimson cloud casts off its mantle grey.

XXIX.

③ On sped the tardy seasons. Need I say
What still the indignant lyre declines to tell ?
How, by rude hands, the maiden, borne away,
Was forc'd amid the invaders' homes to dwell ?
Yet no harsh bonds the guiltless prisoner wore ;
No sharp constraint her gentle spirit bore,
Held as a hostage in the stranger's cell ;
So, to her wayward fate, submissive still,
She meekly bow'd her heart, to learn a Saviour's will.

XXX.

And holy was the voice that taught her ear
How for our sins the Lord of life was slain ;
While o'er the listener's bosom flow'd the tear
Of wondering gratitude, like spring-tide rain.
New joys burst forth, and high resolves were born
To choose the narrow path that worldlings scorn,
And walk therein. Oh, happy who shall gain
From the brief cloud that in his path may lie
A heritage sublime — a mansion in the sky.

XXXI.

In graceful youth, within the house of prayer,
Who by the sacred font so humbly kneels,
And with a tremulous yet earnest air,
The deathless vow of Christian fealty seals ?
The Triune Name is breath'd with hallow'd power ;
The dew baptismal bathes the forest-flower,
And, lo ! her chasten'd smile that hope reveals
Which nerv'd the weary dove o'er floods unblest
The olive-leaf to pluck, and gain the ark of rest.

XXXII.

Pour forth your incense ; fragrant shrubs and flowers,
Wave your fresh leaflets, and with beauty glow ;
And wake the anthem in your choral bowers,
Birds, whose warm hearts with living praise o'erflow ;

For she who lov'd your ever-varied dyes,
Mingling her sweet tones with your symphonies,
Seeks higher bliss than charms like yours bestow —
A home unchangeable — an angel's wing —
Where is no fading flower, nor lute with jarring string.

XXXIII.

Another change. The captive's lot grew fair :
A soft illusion with her reveries blent,
New charms dispell'd her solitary care,
And hope's fresh dew-drops gleam'd where'er she
went ;
Earth seem'd to glow with Eden's purple light,
The fleeting days glanc'd by on pinions bright,
And every hour a rainbow lustre lent ;
While, with his tones of music in her ear,
Love's eloquence inspir'd the high-born cavalier.

XXXIV.

Yet love to her pure breast was but a name
For kindling knowledge, and for taste refin'd,—
A guiding lamp, whose bright mysterious flame
Led on to loftier heights the aspiring mind.
Hence flow'd the idiom of a foreign tongue
All smoothly o'er her lip ; — old history flung
Its annal wide, like banner on the wind,
And o'er the storied page, with rapture wild,
A new existence dawn'd on nature's fervent child.

XXXV.

A throng is gathering ; for the hallow'd dome,
At evening tide, is rich with sparkling light, —
And from its verdant bound each rural home
Sends forth its blossom'd gifts, profusely bright ;
While here and there, amid the clustering flowers,
Some stately chief or painted warrior towers,
Hail'd as a brother, 'mid the festal rite :
Peace waves her garland o'er the favour'd place
Where weds the new-born West with Europe's lordly
race.

XXXVI.

A group before the altar. — Breathe thy vow,
Loving and stainless one,— without a fear ;
For he who wins thee to his bosom now,
Gem of the wild, unparallel'd, and dear,
Will guard thee ever, as his treasure rare,
With changeless tenderness and constant care ; —
How speaks his noble brow a soul sincere,
While the old white-hair'd king, with eye of pride ;
Gives to his ardent hand the timid, trusting bride.

XXXVII.

Not with more heartfelt joy the warlike bands
Of Albion, spent with long, disastrous fray,
Beheld young Tudor cleanse his blood-stain'd hands,
And lead the blooming heir of York away,

'Neath the sweet music of the marriage bells ; —
Then on those tented hills, and ravag'd dells,
The War of Roses died — no more the ray
Of white or red, the fires of hate illum'd,
But from their blended roots the rose of Sharon bloom'd.

XXXVIII.

Young wife,— how beautiful the months swept by.
Within thy bower methinks I view thee still,—
The meek observance of thy lifted eye,
Bent on thy lord, and prompt to do his will :
The care for him,—the happiness to see
His soul's full confidence repose in thee,—
The sacrifice of self,—the ready skill
In duty's path,—the love without alloy,—
These gave each circling year a brighter crown of joy.

XXXIX.

Out on the waters ! — On the deep, deep sea !
Out, out upon the waters ! Surging foam,
Swell'd by the winds, rolls round her wild and free,
And memory wandereth to her distant home,
To fragrant gales, the blossom'd boughs that stir,
To the sad sire, who fondly dreams of her ;
But kindling smiles recall the thoughts that roam,
For at her side a bright-hair'd nursling plays,
While bends her bosom's lord, with fond, delighted gaze.

XL.

And this is woman's world. It matters not
Though in the trackless wilderness she dwell,
Or on the cliff where hangs the Switzer's cot,
Or in the subterranean Greenland cell,—
Her world is in the heart. Rude storms may rise,
And dark eclipse involve ambition's skies,
But dear affection's flame burns pure and well,
And therefore 'tis, with such a placid eye,
She soothes her lov'd ones' pangs, or lays her down to die.

XLI.

Lo ! Albion's cliffs, in glorious light that shine,
Welcome the princess of the infant West.
'Twas nobly done, thou queen of Stuart's line,
To sooth the tremours of that stranger's breast ;
And when, upon thy ladies richly dight,
She, through a flood of ebon tresses bright,
Uplifts the glances of a timid guest,
What saw she there ? The greeting smiles that brought,
O'er her own lofty brow, its native hues of thought.

XLII.

But what delighted awe her accents breath'd,
The gorgeous domes of ancient days to trace,
The castellated towers, with ivy wreath'd,
The proud mementos of a buried race ;

Or 'neath some mighty minster's solemn pile,
Dim arch, and fretted roof, and long-drawn aisle,
How rush'd the heart's blood wildly to her face,
When, from the living organ's thunder-chime,
The full *Te Deum* burst in melody sublime.

XLIII.

Yet, 'mid the magic of those regal walls,
The glittering train, the courtier's flattering tone,
Or by her lord, thro' fair ancestral halls,
Led on, to claim their treasures as her own,
Stole back, the scenery of her solitude : —
An aged father, in his cabin rude,
Mix'd with her dreams a melancholy moan,
Notching his simple calendar with pain,
And straining his red eye to watch the misty main.

XLIV.

Prayer,—prayer for him!—when the young dawn arose
With its grey banner, or red day declin'd ;
Up went his name, for ever blent with those
Most close and strong around her soul entwin'd,—
Husband and child ; — and, as the time drew near
To fold him to her heart with filial tear,
For her first home, her warm affections pin'd. —
That time, — it came not ! for a viewless hand
Was stretch'd to bar her foot from her green childhood's
land.

XLV.

Sweet sounds of falling waters, cool and clear,—

The crystal streams, — her playmates, far away, —
Oft, oft, their dulcet music mock'd her ear,

As, restless, on her fever'd couch she lay; —
Strange visions hover'd round, and harpings high,
From spirit-bands, — and then her lustrous eye

Welcom'd the call, — but earth resum'd its sway,
And all its sacred ties convulsive twin'd.

How hard to spread the wing, and leave the lov'd behind.

XLVI.

Sunset in England, — at the autumn prime !

Thro' foliage rare, what floods of light were sent !
The full and whitening harvest knew its time,

And to the sickle of the reaper bent ;
Forth rode the winged seeds upon the gale,
New homes to find, — but she, with lip so pale,

Who on the arm of her beloved leant,
Breath'd words of tenderness, with smile serene,
Tho' faint, and full of toil, — the gasp and groan between.

XLVII.

“ Oh, dearest friend, Death, cometh ! — He is here, —

Here, at my heart ! — Air ! — air ! — that I may speak
My hoarded love, my gratitude sincere,

To thee and to thy people. But I seek

In vain. Though most unworthy,—yet I hear
A call — a voice,— too blest for mortal ear — ”

And with a marble coldness on her cheek,
And one long moan, like breaking harp-string sweet,
She bare the unspoken lore to her Redeemer's feet.

XLVIII.

Gone ? — *Gone ?* — Alas ! the burst of wild despair
That rent his bosom who had lov'd so well ;
He had not yet put forth his strength to bear,
So suddenly and sore the death-shaft fell :
Man hath a godlike might, in danger's hour,
In the red battle, or the tempest's power ;
Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell ;
Ah, who can mark with cold and tearless eyes
The grief of stricken man, when his sole idol dies.

XLIX.

And she had fled, in whom his heart's deep joy
Was garner'd up, — fled, like the rushing flame,
And left no farewell for her fair, young boy.
Lo ! in his nurse's arms, he careless came,—
A noble creature, with his full dark eye,
And clustering curls, in nature's majesty ;
But, with a sudden shriek, his mother's name
Burst from his lips, and, gazing on the clay,
He stretch'd his eager arms where the cold sleeper lay.

L.

“ Oh mother ! — mother ! ” — Did that bitter cry
Send a shrill echo through the realm of death ?
Look — to the trembling fringes of the eye.

List — the sharp shudder of returning breath,
The spirit's sob ! They lay him on her breast ;
One long, long kiss on his bright brow she prest ;
Even from heaven's gate of bliss she lingereth,
To breathe one blessing o'er his precious head,
And then, her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.

LI.

The dead ! — the sainted dead ! — why should we weep
At the last change their settled features take ?
At the calm impress of that holy sleep

Which care and sorrow never more shall break ?
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,
And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake ?
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne,
Swift as the shadow fleets ? What time have we to mourn ?

LII.

A little time, thou found'st, O pagan king,—
A little space, to murmur and repine ;
Oh, bear a few brief months affliction's sting,
And gaze despondent o'er the billowy brine,

And then to the Great Spirit, dimly trac'd
Thro' cloud and tempest, and with fear embrac'd,
In doubt and mystery, thy breath resign ;
And to thy scorn'd and perish'd people go,
From whose long-trampled dust our flowers and herbage
grow.

LIII.

Like the fallen leaves those forest-tribes have fled :
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies ;
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies :
But from the far, far west, where holds, so hoarse,
The lonely Oregon, its rock-strewn course,
While old Pacific's sullen surge replies,
Are heard their exil'd murmurings, deep and low,
Like one whose smitten soul departeth, full of woe.

LIV.

I would ye were not, from your fathers' soil,
Track'd like the dun wolf, ever in your breast
The coal of vengeance and the curse of toil ;
I would we had not to your mad lip prest
The fiery poison-cup,—nor on ye turn'd
The blood-tooth'd ban-dog, foaming, as he burn'd
To tear your flesh ; but thrown in kindness blest
The brother's arm around ye, as ye trod,
And led ye, sad of heart, to the blest Lamb of God.

LV.

Forgotten race,—farewell ! Your haunts we tread,—
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,
Our mountains wear them on their misty head,
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore ;
But on the lake your flashing oar is still,
Hush'd is your hunter's cry on dale and hill,—
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more ;
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest
In unremember'd tombs, unpitied and unblest.

LVI.

The council-fires are quench'd, that erst so red
Their midnight volume 'mid the groves entwin'd ;
King, stately chief, and warrior-host, are dead,—
Nor remnant, nor memorial, left behind :
But thou, O forest-princess, true of heart,
When o'er our fathers wav'd destruction's dart,
Shall in their children's loving hearts be shrin'd ;
Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,
It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

NOTES.

Stanza iii., line 4.

Their tassell'd corn.

To those not familiar with the appearance of the Indian corn, on whose cultivation the aborigines of America relied as a principal article of subsistence, it may be well to say that a silky fibre, sometimes compared to a tassel, is protruded from the extremity of the sheath which envelopes the golden ear or sheaf of that stately and beautiful vegetable.

Stanza vi., line 1.

Spring robes the vales.

The ships which bore the Virginian colonists — the founders of our nation — entered the Chesapeake, April 26, 1607 ; and on the 13th of May, five months from the time of setting sail from England, which was December 19, 1606, a permanent embarkation was effected at Jamestown, fifty miles up that noble river, to which the name of James was given, in honour of the reigning monarch.

Stanza vii., line 3.

Their lily-handed youths essay the toil.

“The axe frequently blistered their tender fingers, so that many times, every third blow had a loud oath to drown its echo.” — *Hillard's Life of Captain Smith.*

Stanza ix., line 8.

England, sweet mother.

“Lord, bless England, our sweet native country,” was the morning and evening prayer in the church at Jamestown, the first church erected in our western world.

Stanza xi., line 2.

*The fragrant offspring of the genial morn
They duly brought.*

"At the beginning of each day they assembled in the little church, which was kept neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country." — *Bancroft, vol. 1, page 141.*

Stanza xiii., line 3.

Spoil'd youths.

"A great part of the new company, who came out in 1609," says the historian Stith, "consisted of unruly sparks, packed off by their friends, to escape worse destinies at home. The rest were chiefly made up of poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, footmen, and such others as were much fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth than to help to raise and maintain one. 'When you send again,' Captain Smith was constrained to write to the Corporation in London, 'I entreat you, rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees' roots, than a thousand of such as we have.'"

Stanza xiv., line 1.

Here, in his surplice white, the pastor stood.

"The morning-star of the church was the Rev. Mr. Hunt, sent out by the London company in 1606, among the leaders of the infant colony. It was he who administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper for the first time in Virginia, at Jamestown, the first permanent habitation of the English in America, and the site of the first Christian temple. He was a man of a truly humble, meek, and peaceful spirit; and it is impossible now to estimate the value of the beneficent influence he exercised upon the fortunes of the colony. His kind offices, as peace-maker, were frequently interposed to harmonize differences which would have been fatal to the enterprise; and his example of suffering affliction, and of patience in sickness, in poverty, in peril, cheered his drooping companions — inspiring them with such fortitude, and stimulating them to such efforts, as, with the blessing of Providence, enabled them to maintain their difficult positions." — *Rev. Philip Slaughter.*

Stanza xvi., line 2.

*The mighty monarch of the tribes that roam
A thousand forests.*

Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Vir-

ginia first chose their residence, was said to hold dominion over thirty nations, or tribes, who inhabited that region ; and, being possessed both of arbitrary power and much native talent, his enmity was dreaded, and pains taken by the colonists to conciliate his friendship.

Stanza xvii., line 1.

A forest-child, amid the flowers at play.

"Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, who, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country." — *Capt. John Smith.*

Stanza xix., line 9.

And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

"Live ! live !" said the softened monarch, "and make hatchets for me, and necklaces for Pocahontas."

Stanza xxi., line 6.

Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure.

The extraordinary features in the character of Capt. John Smith, and the strange incidents which made almost the whole of his life a romance, are exhibited by many historians. Hillard, in his biography of him, says, "We see him performing at the same time the offices of a provident governor, a valiant soldier, an industrious labourer, capable alike of commanding and of executing. He seemed to court the dangers from which other men shrank, or which they encountered only from a sense of duty. As the storm darkens around him, his spirit grows more bright and serene. That which appals and disheartens others only animates him. He had a soul of fire, encased in a frame of adamant. Thus was he enabled to endure and accomplish all the promptings of his adventurous spirit." "He was the father of Virginia," says Bancroft, in his history, "the true leader who first planted the Saxon vine in the United States."

Stanza xxii., line 7.

Their baskets teeming with the golden ear.

When the colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, her zeal and benevolence never slumbered. Accompanied by her companions, the child Pocahontas came every few days to

the fort, with baskets of corn for the starving garrison. Smith, in his letter to Queen Anne, writes, "She, next under God, was the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which, if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was, at our first arrival, unto this day."

Stanza xxvi., line 9.

And, with that warning voice, the guardian-angel fled.

"Notwithstanding, the eternal, all-seeing God did prevent the plot of Powhatan, and by a strange means. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel and daughter, came through the irksome woods in that dark night, and told us that great cheer might be sent us by and by, but that the king, and all the power he could make, would afterwards come and kill us all. Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in we would have given her, but, with tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have them, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead. And so she ran away by herself, as she came." — *Capt. Smith.*

Stanza xxix., line 7.

Held as a hostage.

The object of the capture and detention of the princess seems to have been to bring her father to such terms as the colonists desired, or to extort from him a large ransom; both of which designs were frustrated.

Stanza xxxv., line 9.

Where weds the new-born West with Europe's lordly race.

The marriage of Mr. Rolfe with Pocahontas took place in the church at Jamestown, in the month of April, 1613, and gave great delight to Powhatan and his chieftains, who were present at the ceremony, and also to the English, and proved a bond of peace and amity between them, as lasting as the life of the Indian king.

Stanza xxxvii., line 9.

But from their blended roots the rose of Sharon bloom'd.

The rose striped with white and red, sometimes called the rose of Sharon, has been said in some ancient legend to have been first seen in England after the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., when the civil war which had so long

raged with bitterness was terminated, and the Red Rose of Lancaster, and the White Rose of York, ceased to be the unnatural symbols of bloodshed.

Stanza xli., line 3.

'Twas nobly done, thou queen of Stuart's line.

On the 12th of June, 1616, Mr. Rolfe, with his Indian wife, who, after her baptism, was known by the name of the Lady Rebecca, arrived in England. Her merits had preceded her, and secured for her the attentions and hospitality of persons of rank and influence. The queen of James I., the reigning monarch, treated her with affability and respect. "It pleased both the king's and queen's majesties," writes Captain Smith, "honourably to esteem her, accompanied with that honourable lady, the Lady Delaware, and that honourable lord, her husband, and divers other persons of good quality, both publicly, and at the masks and concerts, to her great satisfaction and content."

Stanza xliii., line 8.

Notching his simple calendar.

The mode of computation by cutting notches upon a stick prevailed among many of our aboriginal tribes. One of the council of Powhatan, who accompanied Pocahontas, was directed in this manner to mark the number of the people he might meet. He obtained a very long cane on his landing, and commenced the task. But he soon became weary of this manner of taking the census, and, on his return home, said to his king, "count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, the sands on the seashore, — but not the people of England."

Stanza l., line 9.

And then, her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.

Early in the year 1617, while preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, and died, at the age of twenty-two. She was buried at Gravesend. Her firmness and resignation proved the sincerity of her piety; and, as Bancroft eloquently observes, "she was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth."

NIAGARA.

Flow on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. — Yea, flow on,—
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, — bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys,
And fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,
To a long, dreary calm : but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er, with failing heart, forgets
Its everlasting lesson, — night nor day.
The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song

Jehovah's name : and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscrib'd
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees,
That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds ; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud,
Unblam'd, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our erring lips, to talk
Familiarly of thee.— Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features, with our pencil's point,
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop
From his right hand,— bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR River ! not unknown to classic song, —
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green ;
Or where, near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide ;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea ;

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See ! where amid the cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land ;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet, 'mid the homes they love.
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted, and all obeyed ;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss— and labour health,
And knowledge power, and meek religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives :
Her pastime, when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,
Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow ;

Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tired babe — or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome, where village science dwells,
When the church-clock its warning summons tells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gaily gather from each rustic door.
The new-weaned child with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom its scarce taller baby-brother leads,
Transferred as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
Light-hearted group ! — who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or, by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,
The stiff salute, with deep demureness pay,
Bare the curled brow, or stretch the sunburnt hand, —
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part : —
Long may it be ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride ;

From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue ;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong ;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
And white-haired sages, sold to studious thought ;
Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod,
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, 'mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor lost Indian slumbers in the shade ; —
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave,
In ancient days, yon pure, cerulean wave ;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed, and in death embraced :
He sleeps an outlaw, 'mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his mouldered hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast ; —
Sprang from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threatened liberty went thrilling by,
Looked to their God — and reared, in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrowned,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield —
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field :
Lo ! here they rest who every danger braved,
Unmarked, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved.

Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crowned,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,
The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
Couched in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charmed his boyish ear ;
While the sad mother, 'mid her children's mirth,
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
Or charms her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest river, and thy velvet vales,
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The village school, and sabbath's tuneful bell,
And smiles to see the infant soul expand
With proud devotion for that father-land.

NAPOLEON AT HELENA.

“The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, *characterless, uninscribed.*”

And who shall write thine epitaph ? thou man
Of mystery and might.

Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords ?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly 'mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenc'd brain ?

Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame,
With shadowy finger, trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unannealed,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth ?

Thou who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,
As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
Say, art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,—

Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
 Descries 'mid ocean's foam ? Thou who didst hew
 A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
 Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
 Of the thron'd Alps,—why dost thou sleep, unmark'd
 Even by such slight memento as the hind
 Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone ?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
 Breathing thy thunders on the battle-field,
 Return and deck thy monument. Those forms,
 O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter strew'd,
 From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
 Heed not the clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,
 As in the vision that the prophet saw,
 Each dry bone to its fellow,—or in heaps
 Should pile their pillar'd dust,—might not the stars
 Deem that again the puny pride of man
 Did build its Babel-stairs, creeping, by stealth,
 To dwell with them ? But here, unwept, thou art,
 Like some dead lion in his thicket-lair,
 With neither living man, nor spectre lone,
 To trace thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes

That serv'd as playthings, in thy desperate game
 Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
 To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt Famine fed
 Upon their vitals. France ! who gave so free

Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Cæsar's tomb,
And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train
Who rul'd thee to thy cost, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
To grace his obsequies at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.
Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument to whom thou gav'st
In anger battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
Like the rein'd war-horse, at the trumpet-blast,
And take her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades
Of letter'd ease, O Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imag'd in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl leaves.
Hail, lotus-crown'd! in thy green childhood fed

By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh, and the shepherd kings,
 Hast thou no trait of him who drench'd thy sands
 At Jaffa and Aboukir ? when the flight
 Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
 To the accusing Spirit ?

Glorious isle !

Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean like,
 Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
 Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
 Ho ! fur-clad Russia ! with thy spear of frost,
 Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
 Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
 And give the last line of our epitaph.

But there was silence. Not a sceptred hand
 Receiv'd the challenge.

From the misty deep
 Rise, island-spirits ! like those sisters three,
 Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,
 Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
 That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
 Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,
 And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
 And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb ;
 Come, twine some bud of household tenderness,
 Some tender leaflet, nurs'd with nature's tears,
 Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
 His cradle at Ajaccio, turn'd away ;

And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave
Plung'd her slight annal with the haste of fear ;
And lone Helena, sick at heart, and grey
'Neath rude Atlantic's scourging, bade the moon,
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonoured tomb.

Then Earth arose,
That blind old empress, on her crumbling throne,
And, to the echoed question — “ *Who shall write
Napoleon's epitaph ?* ” as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd — “ *None.* ”

ANNA BOLEYN.

On seeing the axe with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, still preserved in the Tower of London.

STERN minister of fate severe,
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
Defying time, dost linger here,
And frown with ruffian visage drear,
Like beacon on destruction's flood, —
Say! — when ambition's giddy dream
First lured thy victim's heart aside,
Why, like a serpent, didst thou hide,
'Mid clustering flowers, and robes of pride,
Thy warning gleam?

Hadst thou but once arisen in vision dread,
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd, when St. Edward's crown
So heavily press'd her tresses fair,
That, with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care
Would rankle within her couch of down!
To the tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,

She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its
snare.

Think! — what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which, at midnight hour,
Throng'd o'er her soul, in yon dungeon tower?
Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouch'd the deep'ning scene :
Gay France, which bade with sunny skies
Her careless childhood's pleasures rise ;
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace,
Her gallant brother's fond embrace ;
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands! — the life-blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part ;
But her infant daughter's image fair
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul 'mid its last despair ;
And the desolate queen is doom'd to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's woe.

Say ! did prophetic light
 Illume her darkening sight,

Painting the future island-queen,
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stained ashes rising,

Wise, energetic, bold, serene ?

Ah no ! the scroll of time

Is sealed ; — and hope sublime

Rests but on those far heights which mortals may not
 climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervour, speeds
For that false monarch by whose will she bleeds ;
For him who, listening on that fatal morn,
Hears her death-signal o'er the distant lawn

 From the deep cannon speaking,

Then springs to mirth, and winds his bugle horn,
 And riots while her blood is reeking : —

For him she prays, in seraph tone,

 “ Oh ! — be his sins forgiven !

Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,

 To be a saint in heaven.”

THE STARS.

MAKE friendship with the stars.

Go forth at night,
And talk with Aldebaran, where he flames
In the cold forehead of the wintry sky.
Turn to the sister Pleiades, and ask
If there be death in heaven ? A blight to fall
Upon the brightness of unfrosted hair ?
A severing of fond hearts ? A place of graves ?
Our sympathies are with you, stricken stars,
Clustering so closely round the lost one's place.
Too well we know the hopeless toil to hide
The chasm in love's fond circle. The lone seat
Where the meek grandsire, with his silver locks,
Reclined so happily ; the fireside chair
Whence the fond mother fled ; the cradle turn'd
Against the wall, and empty ; well we know
The untold anguish, when some dear one falls.
How oft the life-blood trickling from our hearts
Reveals a kindred spirit torn away !
Tears are our birth-right, gentle sister train,
And more we love you, if like us ye mourn.

Ho ! bold Orion, with thy lion-shield ;
What tidings from the chase ? what monster slain ?

Runn'st thou a tilt with Taurus ? or dost rear
Thy weapon for more stately tournament ?
'Twere better, sure, to be a man of peace
Among those quiet stars, than raise the rout
Of rebel tumult, and of wild affray,
Or feel ambition with its scorpion sting
Transfix thy heel, and like Napoleon fall.

Fair queen, Cassiopeia ! is thy court
Well peopled with chivalric hearts, that pay
Due homage to thy beauty ? Thy levee,
Is it still throng'd as in thy palmy youth ?
Is there no change of dynasty ? No dread
Of revolution 'mid the titled peers
That age on age have served thee ? Teach us how
To make our sway perennial in the hearts
Of those who love us, so that when our bloom
And spring-tide wither, they in phalanx firm
May gird us round and make life's evening bright.

But thou, O Sentinel, with sleepless eye,
Guarding the northern battlement of heaven,
For whom the seven pure spirits nightly burn
Their torches, marking out, with glittering spire,
Both hours and seasons on thy dial-plate,
How turns the storm-tost mariner to thee !
The poor lost Indian, having nothing left
In his own ancient realm, not even the bones
Of his dead fathers, lifts his brow to thee,

And glads his broken spirit with thy beam.
The weary caravan, with chiming bells,
Making strange music 'mid the desert sands,
Guides, by thy pillar'd fires, its nightly march.
Reprov'st thou not our faith so oft untrue
To its Great Pole Star, when some surging wave
Foams o'er our feet, or thorns beset our way ?

Speak out the wisdom of thy hoary years,
Arcturus ! patriarch ! Mentor of the train
That gather radiance from thy golden urn.
We are of yesterday, short-sighted sons
Of this dim orb, and all our proudest lore
Is but the alphabet of ignorance :
Yet ere we trace its little round, we die.
Give us thy counsel, ere we pass away.

Lyra, sweet Lyra, sweeping on with song,
While glorious Summer decks the listening flowers,
Teach us thy melodies ; for sinful cares
Make discord in our hearts. Hast thou the ear
Of the fair planets that encircle thee,
As children round the hearth-stone ? Canst thou quell
Their woes with music ? or their infant eyes
Lull to soft sleep ? Do thy young daughters join
Thy evening song ? Or does thine Orphean art
Touch the warm pulses of the neighbour stars
And constellations, till they higher lift
The pilgrim-staff to run their glorious way ?

Hail, mighty Sirius ! monarch of the suns,
Whose golden sceptre, subject worlds obey ;
May we in this poor planet speak to thee ?
Thou highest dweller 'mid our highest heaven,
Say, art thou nearer to His Throne whose nod
Doth govern all things ?

Hearest thou the strong wing
Of the archangel, as it broadly sweeps
The empyrean, to the farthest orb
Bearing Heaven's watch-word ? Knowest thou what report
The red-hair'd comet, on his car of flame,
Brings the recording seraph ? Hast thou heard
One whisper through the open gate of heaven
When the pale stars shall fall, and yon blue vault
Be as a shrivell'd scroll ?

Thou answer'st not !
Why question we with thee, Eternal Fire ?
We, frail, and blind, to whom our own dark moon,
With its few phases, is a mystery !
Back to the dust, most arrogant ! Be still !
Deep silence is thy wisdom ! Ask no more !
But let thy life be one long sigh of prayer,
One hymn of praise, till from the broken clay,
At its last gasp, the unquench'd spirit rise,
And, unforgotten, 'mid unnumber'd worlds,
Ascend to Him from whom its essence came.

HOME OF THE DUELLIST.

THE mother sat beside her fire, —
Well trimm'd it was, and bright, —
While loudly moan'd the forest-pines
Amid that wintry night.

She heard them not, those wind-swept pines,
For o'er a scroll she hung,
That bore her husband's voice of love,
As when that love was young.

And thrice her son, beside her knee,
Besought her favouring eye,
And thrice her lisping daughter spoke,
Before she made reply.

“ O, little daughter, many a kiss
Lies in this treasur'd line ;
And, boy, a father's blessed prayers,
And counsels fond, are thine.

“ Thou hast his high and arching brow,
Thou hast his eye of flame ;

And be the purpose of thy soul,
Thy sun-bright course, the same."

And, as she drew them to her arms,
Down her fair cheek would glide
A gushing tear like diamond spark,
A tear of love and pride.

She took her baby from its rest,
And laid it on her knee ;
"Thou ne'er hast seen thy sire," she said,
"But he'll be proud of thee :

"Yes, he'll be proud of thee, my dove,
The lily of our line,
I know what eye of blue he loves,
And such an eye is thine."

"Where is my father gone, Mamma ?
Why does he stay so long ?"
"He's far away in Congress-hall,
Amid the noble throng :

"He's in the lofty Congress-hall,
To swell the high debate ;
And help to frame those equal laws
That make our land so great.

“ But ere the earliest violets bloom
We in his arms shall be, —
So, go to rest, my children dear,
And pray for him and me.”

The snow-flakes rear'd their drifted mound
O'er hill and valley deep,
But nought amid that peaceful home
Disturb'd the dews of sleep ;

For lightly, like an angel's dream,
The trance of slumber fell
Where innocence and holy love
Maintain'd their guardian spell.

Another eve, — another scroll. —
Wist ye what words it said ?
Two words, two awful words it bore, —
The duel ! — and the dead !

The duel ! — and the dead ! — How dim
Was that young mother's eye, —
How fearful was her lengthen'd swoon —
How wild her piercing cry.

There's many a wife whose bosom's lord
Is in his prime laid low,

Engulph'd beneath the wat'ry main,
Where bitter tempests blow ;

Or crush'd amid the battle-field,
Where slaughter'd thousands rest ; —
Yet know they of the speechless pang
That rives her bleeding breast ?

Who lies so powerless on her couch,
Transfix'd by sorrow's sting ?
Her infant in its nurse's arms,
Like a forgotten thing.

A dark-hair'd boy is at her side —
He lifts his eagle-eye —
“ Mother ! — they say my father's dead, —
How did my father die ? ”

Again, the spear-point in her breast !
Again, that shriek of pain !
“ Child ! thou hast riven thy mother's soul, —
Speak not those words again.”

“ Speak not those words again, my son ! ”
What boots the fruitless care ?
They're written wheresoe'er she turns ;
On ocean, — earth, — or air :

They're sear'd upon her shrinking heart,
That bursts beneath its doom, —
The duel ! and the dead ! — they haunt
The threshold of her tomb.

Yes, thro' her brief and weary years
That broken heart she bore,
And on her desolated cheek
The smile sat never more.

DEATH AMONG THE TREES.

DEATH walketh in the forest.

The tall pines
Do woo the lightning-flash, and through their veins
The fire-shaft, darting, leaves their blackened trunks
A tablet, where ambition's sons may read
Their destiny. The oak that centuries spared
Grows grey at last, and, like some time-worn man
Stretching out palsied arms, doth feebly cope
With the destroyer, while its gnarled roots
Betray their trust. The towering elm turns pale,
And faintly strews the sere and yellow leaf,
While from its dead arms falls the wedded vine.
The sycamore uplifts a beacon brow,
Denuded of its honours ; and the blast,
Swaying the withered willow, rudely asks
For its lost grace, and for its tissued leaf,
With silver lined.

I knew that blight might check
The sapling, ere kind Nature's hand could weave
Its first spring-coronal ; and that the worm,
Coiling itself amid our garden plants,
Did make their unborn buds its sepulchre.

And well I know how wild and wrecking winds
Might take the forest-monarchs by the crown,
And lay them with the lowliest vassal-herb ;
And that the axe, with its sharp ministry,
Might, in one hour, such revolution work
As all Earth's boasted power could never hope
To re-instate. And I had seen the flame
Go crackling up amid yon verdant boughs,
And, with a tyrant's insolence, dissolve
Their interlacing, till I felt that man,
For sordid gain, would make the forest's pomp,
Its heaven-raised arch, and living tracery,
One funeral-pyre.

But yet I did not deem
That pale disease amid those shades would steal,
As to a sickly maiden's cheek, and waste
The power and plenitude of those high ranks,
Which in their peerage and nobility,
Unrivalled and unchronicled, had reigned.

And so I said, if in this world of knells
And open tombs, there lingereth one whose dream
Is of aught permanent below the skies,
Even let him come and muse among the trees,
For they shall be his teachers ; they shall bow
To Wisdom's lessons his forgetful ear,
And, by the whisper of their faded leaves,
Softened to his sad heart the thought of death.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD ! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,—
“ Spring is coming ! Spring is here ? ”
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear ?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darken'd cloud ?
Lo ! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whiten'd ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
“ Spring is coming ! Spring is here ! ”

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain ?
Winds are piping o'er the plain ;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye ;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still ;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold ?
Hath he not a nose of blue ?
Tell me, birdling,—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths, and revelry :
Hast thou woo'd some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove ?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower ?
Lur'd her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care ?
Prythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her, if when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song ?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee ?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappall'd shall pass thee by ;
Tho' thy curtain'd chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN the soft summer-shower, whose herald-drops
Stirr'd the broad vine-leaves to an answering joy,
Swells to protracted rain, soothing the mind
With sense of leisure, Mother, haste to call
Thy little flock around thee. Let them hail
The rainy day as one when tender love
Brings forth for them its richest stores of thought.
Think'st thou the needle's thrift, or housewife's lore,
Yields richer payment? Mother! thou may'st stamp
Such trace upon the waxen mind, as life,
With all its swelling floods, shall ne'er blot out.
So take thy bright-eyed nursling on thy knee,
And tell him of the God who rules the cloud,
And calms the tempest, and the glorious sun
Brings forth rejoicing from the rosy east
To gild the morn.

Unlock thy treasur'd hoards
Of hallow'd lore:—how little Samuel heard
At midnight, 'neath the temple's solemn arch,
Jehovah's voice, and hasted to obey:—
How young Josiah turned to Israel's God
Ere yet eight summers ripened on his brow:—

And how the sick child to his father cried,
“ My head ! my head ! ” then, in his mother’s arms,
Grew pale and died : and how the prophet’s prayer
Did pluck him from the jaws of death again.
Tell, too, thy little daughter, while she sits
Heedful beside thee, how the shepherds heard
The harps of angels, while they watch’d their sheep :
And how the infant Saviour found no bed
Save a straw manger ’mid the horned train :
And how he rais’d the ruler’s daughter up,
When on her dead brow lay the weeper’s tear :
How at the tomb of Lazarus he mourned
With the sad sisters : and, when the wild sea,
And wilder tempest raged, stretch’d out his hand
And saved the faint disciple on the wave,
Who pray’d to him.

Then, when the moisten’d eye
Reveals the softening soul, cast in thy seed,—
And Heaven and holy angels water it !
So shall the spirit of the summer-storm
Gleam as a rainbow, when thy soul goes up,
With its dread company of deeds and thoughts,
To bide the audit of the day of doom.

POESY.

WHO saith that poesy waxeth old,
That all her legends were long since told ?

It is not so ! it is not so !

For while there's a stream in its crystal hall,
A sprig of ivy to climb the wall,
A sun to rise, or a star to fall,

She'll find something new to describe, I know.

Who saith that her songs were long since sung,
And learn'd by rote when the world was young ?

It is not so ! it is not so !

For while there's a blossom by summer drest,
A sigh for the sad, or a smile for the blest,
Or a changeful thought in the human breast,
There'll be a new string for her lyre, I trow.

What she was when the timbrel of Miriam rang,
When the sightless Homer to Helle sang,

Such, such is she now,—all fair and young.

Not a silver hair on her temples you trace ;
Not a spot or wrinkle deform her face ;
No dotage of time hath impair'd her grace,
Or check'd the flow of her tuneful tongue.

Do ye say she is poor, in this land of the free,
And that all her votaries are poor as she ?

It may be so ! it may be so !

Yet hath she a dowry most rich and proud,
A castle that floats on the crimson cloud,
Clear sunshine within, when the storm is loud,
And a shield of diamond to foil the foe.

Do ye say she is light in the world's esteem,—
Like a puff of air, or a fairy-dream ?—

It may be so ! it may be so !

Yet hath she an honour more high and dear,
From the burning lips of the heaven-taught seer,
From the harp of Zion that charm'd the ear ;
From the choir where the seraph-minstrels glow.

WINTER'S FETE.

I WOKE, — and every lordling of the grove
Was clad in diamonds, — and the lowliest shrub
Did wear its crest of brilliants gallantly.
The swelling hillocks, with their woven vines,
The far-seen forests, and the broken hedge,
Yea, every thicket gleam'd in bright array,
As for some gorgeous fête of fairy land.
— Ho ! jewel-keeper of the hoary north,
Whence hast thou all these treasures ? Why, the mines
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show.
The queen, who to her coronation comes,
With half a realm's exchequer on her head,
Dazzleth the shouting crowd. But all the queens
Who since old Egypt's buried dynasty
Have here and there, amid the mists of time,
Lifted their tiny sceptres, — all the throng
Of peeresses, who at some birth-night shine,
Might boast no moiety of the gems thy hand
So lavishly hath strewn o'er this old tree,
Fast by my window.

Every noteless thorn, —
Even the coarse sumach, and the bramble bush,

Do sport their diadems, — as if, forsooth,
Our plain republic in a single night
Put forth such growth of aristocracy
That no plebeian in the land was left
Uncoroneted. Broider'd frost-work wraps
Yon stunted pear-tree, whose ne'er ripen'd fruit,
Acid and bitter, every truant-boy
Blam'd with set teeth. Lo ! while I speak, its crown
Kindleth in bossy crimson, and a stream
Of Tyrian purple, blent with emerald spark,
Floats round its rugged arms ; — while here and there
Gleams out a living sapphire, 'mid a knot
Of trembling rubies, whose exquisite ray
O'erpowers the astonish'd sight.

One arctic queen,

For one ice-palace, rear'd with fearful toil,
And soon dissolving, scrupled not to pay
Her vassal's life ; — and emperors of old
Have drain'd their coffers for the people's gaze,
Though but a single amphitheatre
Compress'd the crowd. But thou, whose potent wand
Call'd forth such grand enchantment, swift as thought,
And silent as a vision, and canst spread
Its wondrous beauty to each gazing eye,
Nor be the poorer, thou art scorn'd and bann'd
'Mid all thy beauty. Summer scanty sheds
A few brief dew-drops for the sun to dry,

And wins loud praise from every piping swain
For the proud fête.

Yet, certes, in these days,
When wealth is so esteem'd that he who boasts
The longest purse is sure the wisest man,
Winter, who thus affords to sprinkle gems,
Mile after mile, on all the landscape round,
And decks his new-made peers in richer robes
Than monarch ever gave, deserves more thanks
Than to be call'd rude churl, and miser old.
— I tell thee he's a friend, — and Love, who sits
So quiet in the corner, — whispering long
In beauty's ear, by the bright evening-fire,
Shall join my verdict. Yes — the King of Storms,
So long decried, hath revenue more rich
Than sparkling diamonds.

Look within thy heart,
When the poor shiver in their snow-wreath'd cell,
Or the sad orphan mourns, — and, if thou find
An answering pity, and a fervent deed
Done in Christ's name, doubt not to be an heir
Of that true wealth which Winter hoardeth up
To buy the soul a mansion with the blest.

NATIVE SCENERY.

SWEETLY wild ! sweetly wild !
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.
Rocks, grey rocks, with their tracery dark,
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
Torrent voices, thundering by,
When the pride of the vernal floods swell'd high ;
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
'Mid those cliffs, by the feathery foliage drest.

— Beyond, in these woods, did the wild rose grow,
And the lily gleam white where the lakelets flow ;
And the trailing arbutus shroud its grace,
Till its fragrance bewrayed its hiding-place,
And the woodbine hold to the dews its cup,
And the vine, with its clustering grapes, go up, —
Up to the crest of the tallest trees ;
And there, with the humming-birds and bees,
On a seat of turf, embroidered fair
With the violet blue, and the columbine rare, —
It was sweet to sit, till the sun laid down,
At the gate of the west, his golden crown :
Sweetly wild ! sweetly wild !
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

A VOICE amid the desert.

Not of him

Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity mov'd him as he saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The springs of every nature. The high lore
Of Heaven he humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable allur'd
The sluggish mind to follow truth and live.

They whom the thunders of the law had stunn'd
Woke to the Gospel's melody, with tears ;
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe
High in her arms, that its young eye might greet
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,

Tho' thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound

Brake the strong spell of eloquence which held
The wilderness in chains ; save, now and then,
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,
Eyes fix'd, and lips apart ; the very breath
Constrain'd, lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their souls
Like a strange raptur'd dream. They heeded not
The spent sun, closing at the curtain'd west
His burning journey. What was time to them,
Who heard entranc'd the Eternal Word of Life ?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came,
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press,
Care-stricken, to his side : " Where shall we find
Bread in this desert ? "

Then, with lifted eyes,
He bless'd, and brake, the slender store of food,
And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe
With renovated strength inspir'd their souls,
As, gazing on the miracle, they mark'd
The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard

Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man
Had never utter'd.

Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom thou didst die to save, touch thou our souls
With the same spirit of untiring love ;
Divine Redeemer ! may our fellow-man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoin'd,
Be as a brother, in his hour of need.

“PERDIDI DIEM.”

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained knowledge nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, “*Perdidi diem,*” “*I have lost a day.*”

WHY art thou sad, thou of the sceptred hand ?
The rob’d in purple, and the high in state ?
Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,
And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate ;
Yet dost thou deeply sigh, as if oppress’d by fate.

“*Perdidi diem !*”— Pour the empire’s treasure,
Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow dye,—
Unlock the fountains of a monarch’s pleasure,
To lure the lost one back. I heard a sigh,
One hour of parted time, a world is poor to buy.

“*Perdidi diem.*”— ’Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,
Of morning’s firm resolves, the vanish’d glory,
Hope’s honey left within the withering bell,
And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloom’d so well.

Hail, self-communing Emperor, nobly wise !
There are who thoughtless haste to life’s last goal ;
There are who time’s long-squandered wealth despise ;
Perdidi vitam marks their finished scroll,
When Death’s dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence.

But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dar'd not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

* This little poem has been inserted by mistake in one of the American editions of the late Mrs. Hemans. Though this is accounted, by the real author, as a high honour, it is still proper to state that it was originally composed at Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and comprised in a volume of poems published in Boston in 1827. Should other testimony be necessary, it may be mentioned that a letter from Mrs. Hemans, to a friend in this country, pointing out some poems in that volume which pleased her, designated, among others, the "Death of an Infant."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear,
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreath'd for a while round the forest's head,
With a sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and grey.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver, of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up in a ball to sleep ;
And the cricket his merry horn laid by
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon the birds were heard, at the morning-prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime. —
“ Let us go ! let us go ! ” said the bright-wing'd jay ;
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray, —
“ I am tir'd to death of this hum-drum tree, —
I'll go, if 'tis only the world to see.”

“ Will you go ? ” asked the robin, “ my only love ? ”
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded,— “ Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid summer-skies, or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer ;
Tho' dear is our nest in the thicket here.”

“ I am ready to go,” cried the querulous wren,
“ From the hateful homes of these northern men ;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue ;
I fear I have caught the consumption too.” —
And the oricle told, with a flashing eye,
How his plumage was spoil'd by this frosty sky.

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet-call,
And the martins came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church-tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

“ The dahlia is dead on her throne,” said they ;
“ And we saw the butterfly cold as clay.
Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains, —
Every worm is hid, — shall we longer stay
To be wasted with famine ? Away ! Away ! ”

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds' broke;
The theme of each separate speaker they told
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators started to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, thro' the fathomless depths of air.
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way
By the star at night and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing,
Or where the minaret, towering high,
Pierces the blue of the Moslem sky,
Or amid the harem's haunts of fear
Their lodges to build and their nurslings rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in to its vistas green,
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree
Thrill at the burst of their melody,
And the bulbul starts, 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers ! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray.
But when they are wak'd by the touch of spring,
Shall we see you again with your glancing wing ?
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise ?

TO THE CACTUS SPECIOSISSIMUS.

Who hung thy beauty on such rugged stalk,
Thou glorious flower ?

Who pour'd the richest hues,
In varying radiance, o'er thine ample brow,
And like a mesh those tissued stamens laid
Upon thy crimson lip ? —

Thou glorious flower !
Methinks it were no sin to worship thee,
Such passport hast thou from thy Maker's hand,
To thrill the soul. Lone on thy leafless stem,
Thou bidd'st the queenly rose with all her buds
Do homage, and the greenhouse peerage bow
Their rainbow coronets.

Hast thou no thought ?
No intellectual life ? thou who canst wake
Man's heart to such communings ? no sweet word
With which to answer him ? 'Twould almost seem
That so much beauty needs must have a soul,
And that such form as tints the gazer's dream

Held higher spirit than the common clod
On which we tread.

Yet, while we muse, a blight
Steals o'er thee, and thy shrinking bosom shows
The mournful symptoms of a wan disease.

I will not stay to see thy beauties fade.

— Still must I bear away within my heart
Thy lesson of our own mortality,
The fearful withering of each blossom'd bough
On which we lean, of every bud we fain
Would hide within our bosoms from the touch
Of the destroyer.

So instruct us, Lord !
Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,
Even by the simple sermon of a flower,
To cling to Thee.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,
 Behind its elm-tree's screen,
With simple attic cornice crown'd,
 All graceful and serene ;
Most sweet, yet sad, it is
 Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
 The voice of other days :

For there, as many a year
 Its varied chart unroll'd,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
 And call'd the joys of old, —
I call'd them, and they came
 When vernal buds appear'd ;
Or where the vine-clad summer bower
 Its temple-roof uprear'd ;

Or where the o'er-arching grove
 Spread forth its copses green,
While eye-bright and asclepias rear'd
 Their untrain'd stalks between

And the squirrel from the boughs
His broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds
Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledg'd robin send
His greeting wild and clear ;
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming-birds' unresting wing
Send forth a whirring sound ;

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire
Fast by its snowy sister's side ;
Or where, with wing of fire,
The kingly oricle glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep,
What mother in yon nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep ;

Yet blessings on the hallow'd spot,
Tho' here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger-babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,
And every parent bird
That here, among the woven boughs,
Above its young hath stirr'd.
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due
To moss-cup and to clover-leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaf'd lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not,

To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks ! thanks ! — may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,
High praise, in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away :
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden-home
That it hath been to me.

THE MOURNING DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form,
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
Reach'd the paternal threshold. Wrathful night
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.
She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
Dry'd those damp tresses, and with warm caress
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
Was with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Grey and sad,
The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,
The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds
Of her slain brothers for the battle-field,
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain,
Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd
For her sweet presence, oft in midnight's watch,
Mus'd of his dear one's smile, till dreams restor'd
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip,

Breathing his woes away. While distant far,
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still,
In the heart's casket, a fond father's smile,
And the pure music of his welcome home,
Rich payment of her labours.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late.
The lamp of life still burned, yet 'twas too late.
The mind had pass'd away, and who could call
Its wing from out the sky?

For the embrace
Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
Of a fix'd vacant eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. O God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The passive hand was grasp'd, and the wide halls
Re-echoed, "*Father! Father!*"

Through the shades
Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent,
Bathing with tireless hand the unmov'd brow,
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose-tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
Her hands in joy; for its reviving ray
Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace
Of waken'd intellect. 'Twas seeming all;

And Hope's fond vision faded as the day
Rode on in glory.

Eve her curtain drew,
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Toss'd the sick man. Cold lethargy had steep'd
Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,
And agony was stirring Nature up
To struggle with her foe.

“ Father in heaven !
O, give him sleep ! ” sigh'd an imploring voice ;
And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
That, clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd
A boding note. But soon, from that lone couch,
Thick coming groans announc'd the foe that strikes
But once.

They bore the fainting girl away ;
And paler than that ashen corse, her face,
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid,
Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad
To see a young heart breaking, while the old
Sank down to rest.

There was another change.
The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,
And groups came gathering to the gate where stood
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy hearts ;
And curious villagers, intent to scan

The lordly mansion ; and cold, worldly men,
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there
To whom all earth could render nothing back,
Like that pale changeless brow. Calmly she stood,
As marble statue. Not one trickling tear,
Or trembling of the eye-lid, told she liv'd,
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unproved.

He for his master mourn'd.
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length, through many a fireside hour,
Stretch'd at her father's feet ? who round his bed
Of sickness watch'd with wishful, wondering eye
Of earnest sympathy ? No ; round his neck
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he rais'd
His noble front beside her, proud to guard
The last, lov'd relic of his master's house.

The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought
Of whispering gossips. Of her sire they spake,—
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch
The tresses of his darling,—and who dream'd,
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love,
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gaz'd

Upon her tearless cheek, and, murmuring, said,
“ How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd.”

O woman ! oft misconstrued ; the pure pearls
Lie all too deep, in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing and impatient hand
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
Though the blanch'd lips breath'd out no boisterous plaint
Of common grief.

Even on to life's decline,
Through all the giddy round of prosperous years,
The birth of new affections, and the joys
That cluster round earth's favourites, there walk'd
Still at her side the image of her sire,
As in that hour when his cold glazing eye
Met hers, and knew her not. When her full cup
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance,
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
The châsten'd wisdom of attemper'd bliss.

FUNERAL OF MAZEEN,

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE MOHIGAN TRIBE
OF INDIANS.

'MID the trodden turf is an open grave,
And a funeral train, where the wild flowers wave,
For a manly sleeper doth seek his bed
In the narrow house of the sacred dead :
Yet scanty the damp soil hath drank of the tear,
For the red-brow'd few are the weepers here.

They have lower'd the prince to his resting-spot ;
The white man hath pray'd, but they heed it not,
For their abject thoughts 'mid those ashes grope,
And quench'd in their souls is the light of hope ;
Know ye their pangs who turn away
The vassal foot from their monarch's clay ?

With the dust of kings in this noteless shade,
The last of a royal line is laid,
In whose stormy veins that current roll'd
Which curb'd the chief and the warrior bold ;
Yet pride still burns in their humid clay,
Though the pomp of the sceptre hath pass'd away.

They spake, and the war-dance wheel'd its round,
Or the wretch to the torturing stake was bound ;
They lifted their hand, and the eagle fell
From his sunward flight, or his cloud-wrapt cell ;
They frown'd, and the tempest of battle arose,
And streams were stain'd with the blood of foes.

Be silent, O Grave ! o'er thy hoarded trust,
And smother the voice of the royal dust ;
The ancient pomp of their council-fires,
Their simple trust in our pilgrim sires,
The wiles that blasted their withering race,
Hide, hide them deep in thy darkest place.

Till the rending caverns shall yield their dead,
Till the skies as a burning scroll are red,
Till the wondering slave from his chain shall spring,
And to falling mountains the tyrant cling,
Bid all their woes with their relics rest,
And bury their wrongs in thy secret breast.

But, when aroused at the trump of doom,
Ye shall start, bold kings, from your lowly tomb,
When some bright-wing'd seraph of mercy shall bend
Your stranger-eye on the Sinner's Friend,
Kneel, kneel at his His throne whose blood was spilt,
And plead for your pale-brow'd brother's guilt.

VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE.

BRIGHT summer's flush was on thee, clime belov'd,
When last I trod thy vales. Now, all around,
Autumn, her rainbow energy of tint
Poureth o'er copse and forest, — beautiful,
Yet speaking of decay. The aspiring pine
Wears his undying green ; but the strong oak,
Like smitten giant, casts his honours down,
Strewing brown earth with emerald and gold.
You lofty elms, the glory of our land,
So lately drooping 'neath their weight of leaves,
With proud, yet graceful elegance, to earth,
Stand half in nakedness, and half in show
Of gaudy colours. Hath some secret shaft
Wounded the maple's breast ? that thus it bends
Like bleeding warrior, tinging all its robes
With crimson ? while in pity by its side,
The pallid poplar, turning to the eye
Its silver lining, moans at every breeze.

I rov'd in sadness thro' those alter'd scenes.
The voice of man was painful. On the ear
Idly and vague it fell, — for tearful thought

Wrought inward, 'mid the faded imagery
Of early days.

See, there, yon low-brow'd cot,
Whose threshold oft my childish foot has cross'd
So merrily, — whose hearth-stone shone so bright
At eve, where, with her skilful needle wrought
The industrious matron, while our younger group
Beguil'd with fruit, and nuts, and storied page,
The winter's stormy hour, — where are they now ? —
Who coldly answers ? — *dead !*

Fast by its side,
A dearer mansion stands, where my young eyes
First opened on the light. That garden's bound,
Where erst I roam'd delighted, deeming earth,
With all its wealth, had nought so beautiful
As its trim hedge of roses, and the ranks
Of daffodils, with snow-drops at their feet,
How small and chang'd it seems ! The velvet turf
With its cool arbour, where I lingered long
Conning my little lesson, or, perchance,
Eyeing the slowly-ripening peach, that lean'd
Its downy cheek against the lattic'd wall, —
Or holding converse with the violet-buds,
That were to me as sisters, — giving back
Sweet thoughts, — say, is it not less green than when
My childhood wander'd there ?

Lo ! — by rude rocks
O'er-canopied, — the dome, where science taught

Her infant rudiments. First day of school !
I well remember thee, just on the verge
Of my fourth summer. Every face around,
How wonderful and new ! The months mov'd on,
Majestically slow. Awe-struck, I mark'd
The solemn school-dame in her chair of state,
Much fearing lest her all-observant eye
Might note me wandering from my patch-work task,
Or spelling lesson. Yet that frigid realm
Some sunbeams boasted, whose delicious warmth
Lent nutriment to young ambition's germs.
" Head of the class ! " what music in that sound,
Link'd to my name ; and then, the crowning joy,
Homeward to bear, on shoulder neatly pinn'd,
The bow of crimson satin, rich reward
Of well-deserving, — not too lightly won,
Or worn too meekly. Still ye need not scorn
Our humble training, ye of modern times,
Wiser and more accomplished. Learning's field,
Indeed, was circumscribed, — but its few plants
Had such close pruning, and strict discipline,
As giveth healthful root, and hardy stalk,
Perchance, enduring fruit.

Beneath yon roof, —
Our own no more, — beneath my planted trees,
Where unfamiliar faces now appear,
She dwelt, whose hallow'd welcome was so dear ;
O Mother, Mother ! all thy priceless love

Is fresh before me, as of yesterday.
Thy pleasant smile, the beauty of thy brow,
Thine idol fondness for thine only one;
The untold tenderness with which thy heart
Embrac'd my first-born infant, when my joys,
Swelling to their full climax, bore it on,
With its young look of wonder, to thy home,
A stranger visitant. Fade, visions, fade !
Ye make her vacant place too visible,
Ye stir the sources of the bitter tear,
When I would think of her eternal gain,
And praise my God for her.

And now, farewell,
Dear native spot ! with fairest landscapes deck'd,
Of old romantic cliff, and crystal rill,
And verdant soil, enriched with proudest wealth, —
Warm hearts and true.

Yet deem not I shall wear
The mourner's weeds for thee. Another home
Hath joys and duties. And, where'er my path
On earth shall lead, I'll keep a nesting bough
For hope, the song-bird, and, with cheerful step,
Hold on my pilgrimage, remembering where
Flowers have no autumn-languor, Eden's gate
No flaming sword, to guard the tree of life.

THE SNOW-STORM.

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er heath and valley deep.
How cunningly it winds its way
To every cranny small ;
And creeps through even the slightest chink
In window, or in wall.

To every noteless hill it brings
As fair and white a crest
As that with which it freely decks
The proudest mountain's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
All that its hand can hold ;—
A bounteous thing the snow is
To all,—both young and old.

The waking day, through curtain'd haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes.

And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their eaves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
That clamour in the wind :—
How sturdily he cuts his way
Though fierce blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd,
That shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feath'ry flakes
To the ruddy urchins' eye,
As down the long smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry,
Or when the moon shines clear and cold,
And the band come out to play, —
O, a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss who, wrapt in furs,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,

Feels not, within her pallid cheek,
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From whiten'd tress and form.

Snow is a tasteful artist,
For, on the frosted pane,
I saw its tintless pencil trace
High tower, and arch, and fane,
While proudly o'er the dizzy cliffs
A mimic Simplon wound,
And old cathedrals rear'd their spires,
With Gothic tracery bound :

I think it hath a tender heart,
For I mark'd it, as it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept ;
It doth to earth a deed of love,
Though in a wintry way,
And her turf-gown will be greener
For the snow that's fall'n to-day.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

“ God loveth a cheerful giver.”

“ WHAT shall I render thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all ? ”
Said a young mother, as she fondly watch’d
Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice,
That night, in dreams.

“ Thou hast a little bud
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love.
Give me that bud. ’Twill be a flower in heaven.”

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanch’d in its trance.

“ Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angel’s song.
Give me that harp.”

There burst a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,

The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain and broke,
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.

Again the voice
That stirr'd her vision.

“ He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver.”

So she rais'd
Her gushing eye, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

THE BENEFACTRESS.

Who asks if I remember thee ? or speak thy treasur'd
name ?

Doth the frail rush forget the stream from whence its
greenness came ?

Doth the wild, lonely flower, that sprang within some
rocky dell,

Forget the first, awakening smile that on its bosom fell ?

Did Israel's exil'd sons, when far from Zion's hill away,
Forget the high and holy house where first they learn'd
to pray ?

Forget around their temple's wreck to roam in mute
despair,

And o'er its hallow'd ashes pour a grief that none might
share ?

Remember thee ? Remember thee ? — though many a
year hath fled

Since o'er thy pillow, cold and low, the uprooted turf was
spread,

Yet oft doth twilight's musing hour thy graceful form
 restore,
And morning breathe thy music-tone, like Memnon's
 harp of yore.

The simple cap that deck'd thy brow is still to memory
 dear,
Her echoes keep thy cherish'd song that lull'd my infant
 ear ;
The book from which my lisping tongue was by thy
 kindness taught
Gleams forth, with all its letter'd lines, still fresh with
 hues of thought.

The flowers, the dear, familiar flowers, that in thy garden
 grew,
From which thy mantel-vase was fill'd—methinks they
 breathe anew ;
Again, the whispering lily bends, and ope those lips of
 rose,
As if some message of thy love they linger'd to dis-
 close.

'Tis true, that more than fourscore years had bow'd thy
 beauty low,
And mingled, with thy cup of life, full many a dreg of
 woe,

But yet thou hadst a better charm than youthful bloom
hath found,
And balm, within thy chasten'd heart, to heal another's
wound.

Remember thee? Remember thee? though, with the
blest on high,
Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal eye,
Comes not thy wing to visit me, in the deep watch of night,
When visions of unutter'd things do make my sleep so
bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me strong and
high,
As cheers the wanderer o'er the deep, the pole-star in the
sky,
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's smile is
cold,
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was of old.

Remember thee! Remember thee! while flows this
purple tide,
I'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for my
guide,
And, when life's little journey ends, and light forsakes my
eye,
Be near me at my bed of pain, and teach me how to die.

THE BROKEN VASE.

So, here thou art in ruins, brilliant vase,
Beneath my footsteps. 'Tis a pity, sure,
That aught so beautiful should find its fate
From careless fingers.

Fain would I divine
Thy history. Who shap'd thy graceful form,
And touch'd thy pure, transparent brow with tints
Of varied hue, and gave the enamel'd robe,
Deep-wrought with gold?

Thou wert a costly gift.
Perchance, a present to a fair young bride,
Who, 'mid her wedding-treasures, nicely pack'd
Thee in soft cotton, that the jarring wheel,
O'er the rough road careering, might not mar
Thy symmetry. Within her new abode
She proudly plac'd thee, rich with breathing flowers,
And, as the magic shell from ocean borne
Doth hoard the murmur of its coral-caves,
So thou didst tell her twilight-reverie tales

Of her far home, and seem to breathe the tones
Of her young, sporting sisters.

"Tis in vain;

No art may join these fragments, or cement
Their countless chasms.

And yet there's many a wreck
Of costlier things, for which the wealth of Earth
May yield no reparation.

He who hangs
His all of happiness on beauty's smile,
And, 'mid that dear illusion, treads on thorns,
And feels no wound, or climbs the rocky steep
Unconscious of fatigue, hath oft-times mark'd
A dying dolpin's brightness at his feet,
And found it but the bubble of his hope,
Disparting like the rainbow.

They who run
Ambition's race, and on their compeers tread
With fever'd eagerness to grasp the goal,
Oft see the envied prize, like waxen toy,
Melt in the passion-struggle.

He who toils
Till lonely midnight, o'er the waning lamp,
Twining the cobwebs of poetic thought,
Or forging links from learning's molten gold,
Till his brain dazzles, and his eye turns dim,
Then spreads his gatherings with a proud delight
To the cold bosom'd public, oft perceives

Each to his "farm and merchandise" return,
Regardless of his wisdom, or perchance
Heareth the hammer of harsh criticism
Grinding his ore to powder, finer far
Than the light sand of Congo's yellow stream.
— Yea, 'mid earth's passing pilgrims, many a one,
Of its new gained possessions fondly proud,
Doth, like the patriarch, find his seven years' toil
Paid with a poor deceit.

Crush'd vase, farewell.

I thank thee for thy lesson. Thou hast warn'd
That the heart's treasures be not rashly risk'd
In earthen vessels, but in caskets stor'd,
Above the wrecking ministry of Time.

LADY JANE GREY.

On seeing a picture representing her engaged in the study of
Plato.

So early wise ! Beauty hath been to thee
No traitor-friend to steal the key
Of knowledge from thy mind,
Making thee gorgeous to the eye,
Flaunting and flushed with vanity,
Yet inly blind.

Hark ! the hunting-bugle sounds,
Thy father's park is gay,
Stately nobles cheer the hounds,
Soft hands the coursers sway,
Haste to the sport, away ! away !
Youth, and mirth, and love, are there,
Lingerest thou, fairest of the fair,
In thy lone chamber to explore
Ancient Plato's classic lore ?

Grave Roger Ascham's gaze
Is fix'd on thee with fond amaze ;
Doubtless the sage doth marvel deep,
That, for philosophy divine,
A lady could decline
The pleasure 'mid yon pageant-train to sweep,
The glory o'er some five-barr'd gate to leap,
And, in the toil of reading Greek,
Which many a student flies,
Find more entrancing rhetoric
Than fashion's page supplies.

Ah, sweet enthusiast ! happier far for thee
Had'st thou thy musing intellectual joy
Thro' life indulg'd without alloy,
In solitary sanctity, —
Nor dar'd ambition's fearful shrift,
Nor laid thy shrinking hand on Edward's fatal gift.

The crown ! the crown ! It sparkles on thy brow,
I see Northumberland with joy elate,
And low thy haughty sire doth bow,
Honouring thy high estate,
She, too, the austere beautiful, whose eye
Check'd thy timid infancy,
Until thy heart's first buds folded their leaves to die,
Homage to her meek daughter pays :
Yet, sooth to say, one fond embrace,

One kiss, such as the peasant-mother gives
When on its evening bed her child she lays,
Had dearer been to thee than all their courtly phrase.

The tower! the tower! thou bright-hair'd beauteous one!

There, where the captive's breath
Hath sigh'd itself in bitterness away,
Where iron nerves have withered one by one,
And the sick eye, shut from the glorious sun,
Grop'd mid those chilling walls till idiocy
Made life like death, —
There must thy resting be ?

Not long ! Not long ! What savage band
'Neath thy grated window bears
The headless form, the lifeless hand
Of him, the magic of whose love could charm away thy
cares ?

Guildford ! thy husband ! yet the gushing tear
Scarce flows to mourn his fate severe,
Thy pious thought doth rise
To those unclouded skies,
Where he, amid the angel train,
Doth for thy coming wait, to part no more again.

The scaffold ! Must it be ! — Stern England's queen
Hast thou such doom decreed ?

Dwells Draco's soul beneath a woman's mien ?
Must guileless youth and peerless beauty bleed ?
Away ! Away ! I will not see the deed !
Fresh drops of crimson stain the new-fall'n snow,
The wintry winds wail fitfully and low ; —
But the meek victim is not there,
Far from this troubled scene,
High o'er the tyrant queen,
She finds that crown which from her brow
No envious hand may tear.

TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

WOULD they swept cleaner! —

Here's a littering shred

Of linen left behind — a vile reproach

To all good housewifery. Right glad am I

That no neat lady, train'd in ancient times

Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,

And speckless sanctity of household care,

Hath happened here to spy thee. She, no doubt,

Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,

“ *This comes of reading books:* ” — or some spruce beau,

Essenc'd and lily-handed, had he chanc'd

To scan thy slight superfices, 'twould be,

“ *This comes of writing poetry.* ” — Well — well —

Come forth — offender! — hast thou aught to say?

Canst thou by merry thought, or quaint conceit,

Repay this risk that I have run for thee?

—— Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself

Into thine elements. I see the stalk

And bright, blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread

That fertile land where mighty Moses stretch'd

His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
Tinging, too scantly, these New England vales.
But lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his flail,
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife
With 'kerchief'd head, and eyes brimful of dust,
Thy fibrous nerves, with hatchel-tooth divides.
— I hear a voice of music — and, behold!
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perchance, his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought
(For men have deeper minds than women — sure!)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make; and how his dairy shelves
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese
Made by her dexterous hand, while many a keg
And pot of butter, to the market borne,
May, transmigrated, on his back appear
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displac'd.
Why dost thou banish from thy parlour-hearth
That old Hygeian harp, whose magic rul'd
Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
Exorcis'd Saul's ennui? There was no need,

In those good times, of trim callisthenics,
And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit
As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop,
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun
Thy brown complexion bleach'd ?

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case. — Did the trim guest,
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth
Feeding thy vanity ? or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee ?
Say, hast thou listen'd to the sick one's moan,
When there was none to comfort ? — or shrunk back
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow ?
Or gather'd from young beauty's restless sigh
A tale of untold love ?

Still, close and mute ! —
Wilt tell no secrets, ha ? — Well then, go down,
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore,

In majesty and mystery, go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,
Stainless and smooth, emerge.— Happy shall be
The renovation, if on thy fair page
Wisdom and truth, their hallow'd lineaments
Trace for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalize.

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ADMISSION OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

COME in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come, take in our father's best parlour a share,
You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
Where the angry lakes roar, and the northern winds blow;
Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
His dessert to embellish, — how kind was the thought, —
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too;
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree, —
What a good little sister — come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides, very cunningly stor'd,
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board, —
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbour, and more;
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store.
You're a prog, I perceive, — it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians, so feeble and few ?
 So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew !
 From the forests they fade ; o'er the waters that bore
 The names of their baptism they venture no more.
 O, sooth their sad hearts, ere they vanish afar,
 Nor quench the faint beams of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on their sofas so high
 Are the stateliest dames of our family,
 Your thirteen old sisters,—don't treat them with scorn,
 They were notable spinsters before you were born ;
 Many stories they know, most instructive to hear ; —
 Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to spell,
 Who stood at the helm when the war-tempest fell ;
 They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky
 In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July ;
 When the flash of the Bunker Hill flame was red,
 And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
 And say they usurp what they cannot hold :
 Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of grey,—
 But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray ;
 For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
 Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they ;
Though the price of our freedom they better have known,
Since they paid for it out of their purses alone,
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So hold up your head with the " Old Thirteen."

THE ARK AND DOVE.

“TELL me a story — please,” my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled ;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the works of God. But one good man,
Who long had warned the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife
And children, turned for safety. Two and two
Of beasts and birds, and creeping things, he took,
With food for all ; and when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.

All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience. Nought she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,

That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"The Ark and Dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a sealed lip : and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
New in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring Dove, and find no rest,
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming Hand
May gently guide it to the Ark of Peace.

THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

So, here thou art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
With honest face,
The gilded figures just as bright,
Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
Their garniture to trace ;
Forbidden still thy burnish'd robe to touch,
Yet gazing, with clasp'd hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate
Near in her elbow chair,
Teaching with patient care
Life's young beginner, on thy dial plate
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love ?
Lo ! she hath broke her league with time, and found the
rest above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone !
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
And hear thy busy heart beat on. -
Come, tell old tales to me ;—
Old tales, such as I love, of hoar antiquity.

Thou hast good store, I trow,
For laughing and for weeping ;
Things very strange to know,
And none the worse for keeping.
Soft tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy "*tick, tick,*"—to warn how Time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading ere the wreath which its fond votaries twine.

The unuttered hopes and fears,
The deep-drawn rapturous tears
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee ;
The nursling's first faint cry,
Which, from a bright-haired girl of dance and song,
The idol, incense-fed of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother with her quenchless eyes
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest memories,—
As Death's sharp ministry
Maketh an angel when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it marked thy face with curious fear,
Thou didst awake the new-born thought,

Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky ;
Though the nurse, standing still more near,
Saw nothing but the body's growing wealth,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working, in mystery and health,
Its wondrous way.

Thy voice was like a knell
Chiming all mournful with the funeral bell,
When stranger-feet came gathering slow
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

A sluggard wert thou to the impatient breast
Of watching lover, or long-parted wife,
Counting each moment, while the day unblest,
Like wounded snake, its laggard length did draw ;
And blaming thee, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,
When thou wert pledg'd in amity sublime,
To crystal-breasted truth and sky-reporting time.

Glad signal thou hast given
For the gay bridal, when with flower-wreath'd hair,
And flushing cheek, the youthful pair
Stand near the priest with reverent air,

Dreaming that earth is heaven : —
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green-wreath'd Christmas, and that other feast,
With which the hard lot of colonial care
The pilgrim-sire besprinkled ; saving well
The luscious pumpkin, and the fatted beast,
And the rich apple, with its luscious swell,
Till, the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous hoard,
As, gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the grey father's
board.

Thou hast outliv'd thy maker, ancient clock !
He in his cold grave sleeps ; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.

O man ! so prodigal of pride and praise,
Thy works survive thee — dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe-shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm —
How dar'st thou sport with Time, while he
Plunges thee darkly in Eternity ?

Haste ! ere its wave engulfs thy form,
And make thy peace with Him who rules above the storm.

SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount,
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. — I thought to be
There without witness. — But the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices too. — The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. — Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. — Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw,
From spray to spray, the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,

While, from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be alone and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of light and love ! — It might not be ! —
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach the listening heart.

OUR ABORIGINES.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
“ Where is the red-brow’d hunter race,
Who lov’d our leafy screen ?
Who humbled ’mid these dewy glades
The red deer’s antler’d crown ?
Or soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down ? ”

Then in the zephyr’s voice replied
Those vales, so meekly blest,
“ They rear’d their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast ;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roof’d cabins fell,
And where that exil’d people fled,
It is not ours to tell.”

Niagara, of the mountains grey,
Demanded, from his throne,

And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolong'd the thunder tone,
" The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors, where are they ? "

And then the fair Ohio charg'd
Her many sisters dear,
" Show me once more, those stately forms
Within my mirror clear ; "
But they replied, " Tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's their light canoe ? "

The farmer drove his plough-share deep
" Whose bones are these ? " said he,
" I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea."
But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seem'd to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then rais'd his hand on high,

And with a hollow groan invok'd
The vengeance of the sky;
O'er the broad realm so long his own
Gaz'd with despairing ray,
Then, on the mist that slowly curl'd,
Fled mournfully away.

THOUGHT.

STAY, winged thought ! I fain would question thee ;
Though thy bright pinion is less palpable
Than filmy gossamer, more swift in flight
Than light's transmitted ray.

Art thou a friend ?

Thou wilt not answer me. Thou hast no voice
For mortal ear. Thy language is with God.
— I fear thee. Thou'rt a subtle husbandman,
Sowing thy little seed, of good or ill,
In the moist, unsunn'd surface of the heart.
But what thou there in secrecy dost plant
Stands with its ripe fruit at the judgment-day.
— What hast thou dar'd to leave within my breast ?
Tell me thy ministry in that lock'd cell
Of which I keep the key, till Death shall come.
Knowest thou that I must give account for thee ?
Disrobe thee of thy mystery, and show
What witness thou hast borne to the High Judge.

— O Man ! so prodigal of words, in deeds
Oft wise and wary, lest thy brother worm

Should hang thereon, his echo-taunt of shame,
How dar'st thou trifle with all-fearful thought ?

— Beware of thoughts. They whisper to the heavens.
Though mute to thee, they prompt the diamond pen
Of the recording angel.

Make them friends !

Those dread seed-planters for Eternity,
Those sky-reporting heralds. Make them friends !

DEPARTURE OF MRS. HANNAH MORE FROM BARLEY WOOD.

It was a lovely scene,
That cottage 'mid the trees,
And peerless England's shaven green,
Peep'd, their interstices between,
While in each sweet recess, and grotto wild,
Nature convers'd with art, or on her labours smil'd.

It seem'd a parting hour,
And she whose hand had made
That spot so beautiful with woven shade
And aromatic shrub and flower,
Turn'd her from those haunts away,
Tho' spring relum'd each charm, and fondly woo'd her stay.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the heart :
There her lov'd sisters circled round her side,
To share in all her toils a part,
There, too, with gentle sigh
Each laid her down to die :
Methinks, their beckoning phantoms glide,

Twining with tenderest ties
Of hoarded memories,
Green bower and quiet walk and vine wreath'd spot :
Hark ! where the cypress waves
Above their peaceful graves,
Seems not some echo on the gale to rise ?
“ O, sister, leave us not ! ”

Her lingering footstep stays
Upon that threshold stone,
And o'er the pictur'd wall, her farewell gaze
Rests on the portraits, one by one,
Of treasur'd friends, before her gone
To that bright world of bliss where partings are unknown.

The wintry snows
That fourscore years disclose,
When slow to life's last verge, Time's lonely chariot goes,
Are on her temples ; and her features meek
Subdued and silent sorrow speak ;
Yet still her arm in cheerful trust doth lean
On faithful friendship's prop, — that changeless evergreen.

Like Eve, from Paradise, she goes,
Yet not by guilt involv'd in woes.
Nor driven by angel bands, —
The flaming sword is planted at her gate
By menial hands :

Yes, those who at her table fed
Despise the giver of their daily bread,
And from ingratitude and hate
The wounded patron fled.

Think not the pang was slight
That thus within her uncomplaining breast
She cover'd from the light:
Tho' knowledge o'er her mind had pour'd
The full, imperishable hoard,
Tho' virtue, such as dwells among the blest,
Came nightly, on reflection's wing, to sooth her soul to rest,
Tho' Fame to farthest earth her name had borne,
These brought no shield against the envious thorn :
Deem not the envenom'd dart
Invulnerable found her thrilling woman's heart.

Man's home is everywhere. On ocean's flood,
Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
Doth link in stormy brotherhood
Earth's utmost zones together,
Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,
Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame
Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
He, with bronz'd cheek and daring step doth rove ;
He with short pang and slight
Doth turn him from the chequer'd light
Of the fair moon thro' his own forests dancing,

Where music, joy, and love,
Were his young hours entrancing;
And where ambition's thunder-claim
Points out his lot,
Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
There, doth he make his home,
Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
Though ruinous and lone,
Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's
tone, —
The home with humble walls,
Where breath'd a parent's prayer around her bed, —
The valley, where with playmates true,
She cull'd the strawberry, bright with dew, —
The bower, where Love her timid footsteps led, —
The hearth-stone where her children grew, —
The damp soil, where she cast
The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the blast, —
Affection, with unfading tint recalls,
Lingering round the ivied walls,
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,
Making fresh honey of remember'd things,
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I SAW a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on its lifted foot, and raised its head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles, and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world ;
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The healthful odour of the flowering trees

And bright-eyed violets ; but, most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race — lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tints of heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to heaven.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BRIGHT Clouds ! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral ;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest ;
Not thus in the day of his pride and wrath
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path,
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say he is dead ? — You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train :
He shall rise again with his strong bright ray,
He shall reign in power when you fade away,
When ye darkly cower in your vapoury hall,
Tintless and naked, and noteless, all.

The Soul ! — The Soul ! — with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire,
It shall spread its wing o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained ;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

THE LONELY CHURCH. .

It stood among the chesnuts, its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond in deep sequestered vale
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin, while the busy loom,
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill
Of the prompt artisan.

But all around

The solitary dell, where meekly rose
That consecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. There they lay,
Each in his grassy tenement, the sire
Of many winters, and the noteless babe
Over whose empty cradle, night by night,

Sate the poor mother mourning, — in her tears
Forgetting what a little span of time
Did hold her from her darling. And methought,
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tomb-stone witness to that faith
Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, lonely church !
And daily may'st thou warn a pilgrim-band,
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life :
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial, in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

Who's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
 'Mid the crags of Utledale ?
He heeds not cold, nor storm, nor blast ;
 But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eye-lash long,
 Stern Winter's hand hath hung ;
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,
 Though his brow is smooth and young.

O'er his marble forehead, in clusters bright,
 Is wreathed his golden hair ;
His robe is of linen, long and white,
Though a mantle of fur scarce could bide the blight
 Of this keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold !
 For the tempest awakes in wrath ;
And thy stony eye is fixed and cold
 As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar ;
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,
On slippery summits sheen ;
But ever and aye his head he bends
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer to the God who guides
Thy course o'er such pavement frail ?
Or nod in thy dream o'er the steep, where glides
The curdling brook, with its slippery tides,
Thou horseman, so young and pale ?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,
Towards Lyster church he hies,
Whose holy spire 'mid the glaciers gleams,
Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay, thou ghostly traveller — stay,
Why haste in such mad career ?
Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on ! like the winged blast he wends,
Where moulder the bones of the dead : —

Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends
With thy courser's tramping tread ?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink
'Mid the swollen snow was grooved,
He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink,
But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,
They lifted that horseman pale,
And laid him low in the drear retreat,
And poured, in dirge-like measure sweet,
The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth ! whose bosom with pride had glowed
In a life of toil severe,
Didst thou scorn to pass to thy last abode
In the ease of the slothful bier ?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,
In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,
By the load of thy lifeless limbs be prest,
On a journey so strange as this ?

Yet still to the depth of yon rock-barred dell,
Where no ray from heaven hath glowed,
Where the thundering rush of the Markfoss fell,
The trembling child doth point, and tell
How that fearful horseman rode.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I WAS a pensive pilgrim at the foot
Of the crown'd Alleghany, when he wrapp'd
His purple mantle gloriously around,
And took the homage of the princely hills,
And ancient forests, as they bow'd them down,
Each in his order of nobility.
— And then in glorious pomp, the sun retir'd
Behind that solemn shadow, and his train
Of crimson, and of azure and of gold
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.

But the glow
Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sank
In deeper shade, and there that mountain stood
In awful state, like dread ambassador
'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it frown'd severe
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
The accusing forehead sternly toward the sky
To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
For thee, swell'd out in cloud-capp'd pinnacle,
To scorn thine own original, the dust

That, feebly eddying on the angry winds,
Doth sweep thy base? Say, is it meet for thee,
Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach
This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky root
Draws depth and nutriment?

But lo! a star,
The first meek herald of advancing night,
Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teach
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes
Thee light, and *man* salvation.

Not to mark
And treasure up his follies, or recount
Their secret record in the court of heaven,
Thou com'st. Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud,
With trembling mantle, his infirmities:
The purest natures are most pitiful.
But they who feel corruption strong within
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace
Of their own image in another's breast.
— So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector.

But thou, stainless star!
Shalt stand a watchman on creation's walls,

•

While race on race, their little round shall mark,
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,
Who through this evening scene may wander on,
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all,
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,
A silent teacher of its boundless lore.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight survey'd —
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
While loftily his unchang'd brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

“ Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band ;
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land.
Thy castles and thy rebel-towers
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

“ Deignest thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired ?

Hath reason quite forsook thy breast ? ”

Plantagenet inquired.

Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,

He blenched not in his pride ;

“ My reason failed, my gracious liege,

The year Prince Henry died.”

Quick at that name a cloud of woe

Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow ;

Touched was that bleeding cord of love,

To which the mightiest bow.

Again swept back the tide of years,

Again his first-born moved,—

The fair, the graceful, the sublime,

The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,

One chosen friend was near,

To share in boyhood's ardent sport,

Or youth's untamed career.

With him the merry chase he sought,

Beneath the dewy morn ;

With him in knightly tourney rode

This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul

Each trace of ire grew dim ;

And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him ; —
And faintly through his tears he spake,
“ God send his grace to thee,
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth — unscathed and free.”

THE SEA-BOY.

“ UP to the main top-mast — ho ! ”

The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray. By the red binnacle
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lip trembled. But he dared not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang
With slender foot, amid the slippery shrouds.

He, oft, by moonlight watch, had lured my ear
With everlasting stories of his home
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales
Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.
And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when wearied from his school,
At winter's eve he came. Then he would pause,
For his high-beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lip, or else it would have sighed
A deep remorse for leaving such a home.
And he would haste away, and pace the deck
More rapidly, as if to hide from me
The gushing tear. I marked the inward strife

Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer,
That the tear, wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good, and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climbed
And grappled to the mast. I watched his toil,
With strange forebodings, till he seemed a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remembered that he once had said,
"I fear I shall not see my home again:"
And sad the memory of those mournful words
Dwelt with me, as he passed above my sight
Into thick darkness.

The wild blast swept on,
The strong ship tossed.

Shuddering, I heard a plunge,
A heavy plunge — a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*
The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor delicate sea-boy raise his head
To do the bidding of those roughened men,
Whose home is on the sea. And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow
To her so beautiful — nor the kind sire
Make glad, by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wandered from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea.

MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH AND THE LACKAWANNA.

RUSH on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride,
She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine,
Ye have met — ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son,
And the child of the Indian king have done ;
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain,
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell ;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest, she hid from thee ;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died ;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain —
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil,
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep ;
I have stood on the mountain and roam'd through the
 glen
To the beautiful homes of the western men,
Yet nought in that realm of enchantment could see
So fair as this vale of Wyoming to me.

* A name given by the Aborigines to their friend, William Penn.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing flow'ret, the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
Thy lengthened eve is full of fire-side joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest shouting.

Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the tossed bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay,
To trim its shattered cordage, and restore
Its riven sails — so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired

By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The ruddy boy

Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
And throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Ask of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire — and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language as the tongue
Hath never utter'd.

Come thou to life's feast

With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
The minstrel teacher of thy well-tuned soul,
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near, with a seraph smile,
To press the lips that had breath'd no guile,
Nor spoke the words of sorrow ;
Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope, still lingering nigh
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whispered of one in a brighter bower
It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
And mused by the parlour-fire,
But ere the evening lamps did glow,
A stranger came, and, bending low,
Kiss'd his fair and ruddy brow ;
“ What is that in your hand ? ” she said ;
“ My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red.”
“ Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,
The magic spell of Memory,

That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind ;
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste when the hair is grey."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But, ere he closed his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise,
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought ;
For still would its tender cadence be,
" Follow me ! Follow me !
And every morn a smile shall bring,
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

She ceas'd, and with a serious air
The other made reply,
" Shall he not also be my care ?
May not I his journey share ?
Sister ! sister ! tell me why ?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend ?
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend ? "

The youth beheld the strife,
And eagerly replied,

“ Come, both, and be my guide,
And gild the path of life ; ”
So he gave to each a brother's kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest,
The lark went up with dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace ;
And, as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.

And when the star of eve, from weary care,
Bade him to his home repair,
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober Memory spread her board
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with him, and like a guardian bless'd
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and grey,
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in querulous tone did say,

“Hast thou not lost, with careless key,
Something that I have entrusted to thee?”

Her pausing answer was sad and low,

“It may be so! It may be so!

The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time, with a plunderer’s eye doth seek;

Something I miss, but I cannot say

What it is he hath stolen away,

For only tinsel and trifles spread

Over the alter’d path we tread;

But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,

Here they are, all told and true,

Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue.”

But while in grave debate,

Mournful, and ill at ease, they sate,

Finding treasures disarrang’d,

Blaming the fickle world, though they themselves
were chang’d,

Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,

Which folded underneath her robe she wore,

And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,

And jeopard’d its strength, in a bold, heavenward
flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,

And his soul went forth to the angel-train,

Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the
sky.

But Hope that glorious door
Pass'd not : — it was not hers to dwell
Where pure desires to full fruition swell.
Her ministry was o'er :
To cheer earth's pilgrim to the sky, —
To cleanse the tear-drop from his eye,
Was hers, — then to immortal Joy
Resign her brief employ,
Yield her sweet harp, and die.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word ! no sound ! But yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth through the festive lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
That oath which, unabsolved, must stand till death,
With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.

No word ! no sound ! But still yon holy man
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it to be registered in heaven.

Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,
What means the sigh which from that ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
Which angels breathe ?

Mute ! mute ! 'tis passing strange !
Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well ;
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal's hand, the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,

Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed out in word,
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time
As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flower fades not, and death no treasured link
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn
The ear sequestered, and the tuneless tongue,
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

" In the vicinity of Montrose, Wisconsin Territory, the only daughter of an Indian woman, of the Sac tribe, died of lingering consumption, at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the pale-faces were at the grave, but none wept, save the poor mother."

Herald of the Upper Mississippi.

A VOICE upon the prairies, —
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low.
It is a mother's wailing ; —
Hath earth another tone,
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost — her only one ?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark'd the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan, —
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol
She watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some ravage Death had made ; —
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And Hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice, —
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress ;
And dove-like were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness, —
Save, when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent
To revel in her olive-cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said, Consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain, —
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplor'd her pain ; —
None, save that widow'd mother,
Who now, by her open tomb,
Is writhing, like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas ! that lowly cabin,
That bed beside the wall,

That seat beneath the mantling vine, —
They're lone and empty all :
What hand shall pluck the tall green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain ?
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial rite survey'd.
There's many a king, whose funeral
A black-rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden !
Beneath thy native tree, —
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust, like thee ;
But there's many a one, whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourn,
As here they mourn for thee.

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

I HAVE crept forth to die among the trees ;
They have sweet voices that I love to hear,
Sweet, lute-like voices. They have been as friends
In my adversity — when sick and faint
I stretched me in their shadow all day long,
They were not weary of me. They sent down
Soft summer breezes, fraught with pitying sighs,
To fan my blanching cheek. Their lofty boughs
Pointed with thousand fingers to the sky,
And round their trunks the wild vine fondly clung,
Nursing her clusters ; and they did not check
Her clasping tendrils, nor deceive her trust,
Nor blight her blossoms, and go towering up
In their cold stateliness, while on the earth
She sank to die.

But thou, rejoicing bird,
Why pourest thou such a rich and mellow lay
On my dull ear ; Poor bird ! — I gave thee crumbs,
And fed thy nested little ones ; so thou
(Unlike to man !) thou dost remember it.
O mine own race ! — how often have ye sate

Gathered around my table, shared my cup,
And worn my raiment — yea, far more than this,
Been sheltered in my bosom, but to turn
And lift the heel against me, and cast out
My bleeding heart in morsels to the world,
Like catering cannibals.

Take me not back
To those imprisoning curtains, broidered thick
With pains, beneath whose sleepless canopy
I've pined away so long. The purchased care,
The practised sympathy, the fawning tone
Of him who on my vesture casteth lots,
The weariness, the secret measuring
How long I have to live, the guise of grief
So coarsely worn — I would not longer brook
Such torturing ministry. Let me die here—
'Tis but a little while. Let me die here.
Have patience, Nature, with thy feeble son,
So soon to be forgot, and from thy arms,
Thou gentle mother, from thy true embrace,
Let my freed spirit pass.

Alas ! how vain
The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb —
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,
While, from its home of bliss, the disrobed soul
Looks not upon its greenness, nor deplores
Its withering loss. Ye who have toiled to earn
The fickle praise of far posterity,

Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
If ye can weigh a dream.

Hail, holy stars !

Heaven's stainless watchers o'er a world of woe,
Look down once more upon me. When again,
In solemn night's dark regency, ye ope
Your searching eyes, me shall ye not behold
Among the living. Let me join the song
With which ye sweep along your glorious way ;
Teach me your hymn of praise. What have I said ?
I will not learn of you, for ye shall fall.
Lo ! with swift wing I mount above your spheres,
To see the Invisible, to know the Unknown,
To love the Uncreated ! Earth, farewell !

THE TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

"A Josephine,*—Eugene et Hortense."—1825.

EMPRESS of Earth's most polish'd clime !
Whose path of splendid care
Did touch the zenith-point of hope,
The nadir of despair,—

Here doth thy wrong'd, confiding heart
Resign its tortur'd thrill,
And slumber like the peasant's dust,
All unconcern'd and still.

Did Love yon arch of marble rear
To mark the hallow'd ground ?
And bid those Doric columns spring
With clustering roses crown'd ?

Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
To deck thy couch of gloom ?

* The inscription on the tomb of the Empress Josephine,—erected by her children.

And like relenting Athens bless
Its guiltless martyr's tomb ?

Ah ! — no ! the stern and callous breast
Sear'd by Ambition's flame,
No kindlings of remorse confess'd
At thy remember'd name :

Alike the Corsican abjur'd,
With harsh and ingrate tone,
The beauty and the love that pav'd
His pathway to a throne.

Fair France ! — by thy indignant zeal
Were fitting honours paid,
And did thy weeping fondness sooth
The unrequited shade ?

Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive
Her faultless form to show ?
But rushing on in reckless mirth,
That empire answered, — *No*.

Then lo ! — a still small voice arose
Amid that silence drear,
Such voice as from the cradle bed
Doth charm the mother's ear ;

And then, behold, two clasping hands
Were from that marble thrust,
And strange their living freshness gleam'd
Amid that sculptur'd dust ;

Those hands a monument have deck'd
Where pausing pilgrims come ;
'That voice a filial requiem pour'd
When all the world was dumb.

NATURE'S BEAUTY.

I LOOKED on nature's beauty, and it came
Like a blest spirit to my inmost heart,
And sadness fled away. The fragrant breeze
Swept o'er me, as a tale of other times,
Lifting the curtain from the ancient cells
Of early memory. The young vine put forth
Her quivering tendrils, while the patron bough
Lured their light clasping with such love as leaves
Do whisper to each other, when they lean
To drink the music of the summer-shower.

There was a sound of wings, and through the mesh
Of her green latticed chamber, stole the bird
To cheer her callow young. The stream flowed on,
And on its lake-like breast, the bending trees
Did glass themselves with such serene repose,
That their still haunt seemed holy. The spent sun
Turned to his rest, and soft his parting ray
To mountain-top, and spire, and verdant grove,
And burnished casement, and reposing nest,
Spake benediction. And the vesper-strain
Went breathing up from every plant and flower.

The rose did fold itself, as though it caught
From some high minaret, the cry, "*To prayer!*"
At which the Moslem kneels; and the blue eye
Of the young violet, looked devoutly forth,
As looks the shepherd from his cottage door,
When the clear horn doth warn the Alpine cliffs,
To praise the Lord. And then the queenly moon
Came through heaven's portal. High her vestal train
Did bear their brilliant cressets in their hands,
Trembling with pride and pleasure. Beauty lay,
Like a broad mantle, on each slumbering dell,
And to the domes that peered through woven shades,
Gave Attic grace.

'Twere sweet to bear away
And keep the precious picture in my heart
Of these sweet woods and waters, summer-drest
And angel-voiced, until I lay me down
On the low pillow of my last repose.

FEMALE EDUCATION FOR GREECE.

WHY break'st thou thus the tomb of ancient night,
Thou blind old bard, majestic and alone ?
Whose sightless eyes have fill'd the world with light,
Such light as fades not with the set of sun,
Light that the kindled soul doth feed upon,
When with her harp she soars o'er mortal things,
And from heaven's gate doth win some echoed tone,
And fit it deftly to her raptur'd strings,
And wake the sweet response, tho' earth with discord rings.

And lo ! the nurtur'd in the Theban bower,
Impetuous Pindar, mad with tuneful ire,
Whose hand abrupt could rule with peerless power
The linked sweetness of the Doric lyre ;
He, too, whom History graves with pen of fire
First on her chart, — the eloquent, the mild,
Down at whose feet she sitteth as her sire,
Listing his legends like a charmed child,
Clear as the soul of truth, yet rob'd in fancy wild.

And thou, meek martyr to the hemlock draught,
Whose fearless voice for truth and virtue strove,
Whose stainless life, and death serene, have taught
The Christian world to wonder and to love, —
Come forth, with Plato, from thy hallow'd grove,
And bring that golden chain by Time unriven,
Which round this pendent universe ye wove,
For still our homage to your lore is given,
And your pure wisdom priz'd, next to the page of heaven.

See, gathering round, high shades of glorious birth
Do throng the scene. Hath aught disturb'd their rest?
Why brings Philosophy her idols forth
With pensive brow, in solemn silence drest?
And see he comes, who o'er the sophist's crest
Did pour the simple element of light,
Reduce the complex thought to reason's test,
And stand severe in intellectual might, —
Undazzled, undeceiv'd, the peerless Stagyrte.

Those demi-gods of Greece! How sad they rove
Where, temple-crown'd, the Acropolis aspires,
Or green Hymettus rears her honied grove,
Or glows the Parthenon 'neath sunset fires,
Or where the olive, ere its prime, expires
By Moslem hatred scath'd. Methinks they seem
Westward to gaze, with unreveal'd desires,
Whether they roam by pure Ilyssus' stream,
Or haunt with troubled step the shades of Academe.

Seek ye the West? — that land of noteless birth,
That when proud Athens rul'd with regal sway
All climes and kindreds of the awe-struck earth,
Still in its cold, mysterious cradle lay,
Till the world-finder rent the veil away,
And quell'd the red-brow'd hunters' savage tone?
Turn ye to us, young emmets of a day,
Who flit admiring round your ancient throne?
Seek ye a boon of us, — the nameless, the unknown?

We, who have blest you with our lisping tongue,
And to your baptism bow'd when life was new,
And, when upon our mother's breast we hung,
Your flowing nectar with our life-stream drew,
Who dipp'd our young feet in Castalian dew,
And pois'd with tiny arm that lance and shield
Before whose might the boastful Persian flew,
We, who Ulysses trac'd o'er flood and field,
What can ye ask of us, we would not joy to yield?

Ye ask no warrior's aid, — the Turk hath fled,
And on your throne Bavaria's prince reclines, —
No gold or gems, their dazzling light to shed,
Pearl from the sea, nor diamond from the mines; —
Ye ask that ray from Learning's lamp which shines,
To guide your sons, so long in error blind, —
The cry speeds forth from yon embowering vines,
“ Give bread and water to the famish'd mind,
And from its durance dark, the imprison'd soul unbind.”

Behold the Apostle of the Cross sublime,
The warn'd of heaven, the eloquent, the bold,
Who spake to Athens in her hour of prime,
Braving the thunders of Olympus old,
And spreading forth the Gospel's snowy fold,
Where heathen altars pour'd a crimson tide,
And stern tribunals their decrees unroll'd,
How would his zeal rebuke our ingrate pride,
If ye should sue to us and coldly be denied.

Explores your eagle-glance that weaker band
Who bear the burdens of domestic care ?
Who guide the distaff with a patient hand,
And trim the evening hearth with cheerful air ?
Point ye the Attic maid, the matron fair,
The blooming child devoid of letter'd skill ?
What would ye ask ? Wild winds the answer bear,
In blended echoes from the Aonian hill,—
“ *Give them the book of God ?* ” *Immortal shades ! — we*
will.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. — There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguil'd the toil.

“ Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd
So many days, on toward the setting sun ?
Our own Connecticut, compar'd to that,
Was but a creeping stream.”

“ Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtur'd in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day.”

— “ What ho ! — my little girl ; ” and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,

And setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon-repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

“ See, dearest, see,

That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing thro' the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New-England, such a mellow tone ? ”

— “ I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets.”

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swollen waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.

Starting, he spake, —

“ Wife ! did I see thee brush away a tear !
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,

Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."

"No — no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful breath'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolv'd the illusion."

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content, and placid, to his rest he sank:
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city, — roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray;
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd proudly neigh'd,
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark, — familiar doors
Flew open, — greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp, — he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten, — and till morning rov'd
'Mid the lov'd scenery of his native land.

THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

THOU dost not dream, my little one,
How great the change must be,
These two years, since the morning sun
First shed his beams on thee ;
Thy little hands did helpless fall,
As with a stranger's fear,
And a faint wailing cry was all
That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will
Thine active feet obey,
And, pleased, thy busy fingers still
Among thy playthings stray ;
And thy full eyes delighted rove
The pictured page along,
And, lisping to the heart of love,
Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy ! the wanderings of thy way,
It is not mine to trace :
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race :

What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The eye of God alone can read—
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love
Thy destiny control,
Those boasted gifts that often prove
The ruin of the soul,
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,
For thee it would not crave,
But tearful urge a fervent claim
To joys beyond the grave.

O ! be thy wealth an upright heart,
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,
Thine early choice, that better part,
Which cannot fade away ;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre,
When earthly changes cease.

THE BRIDE.

I CAME, but she was gone.

In her fair home,
There lay her lute, just as she touch'd it last,
At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Fill'd with pure fragrance. On her favourite seat
Lay the still open work-box, and that book
Which last she read, its pencil'd margin mark'd
By an ill-quoted passage — trac'd, perchance,
With hand unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the cherish'd home,
Where from her childhood, she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came — and she was gone.
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh, young rose-bud, deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence 'mid the gather'd throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppressed, to see the mother's lip

Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far-off clime.

Haply his thought
Travers'd the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes; or those o'erhanging cliffs,
And pathless mountain-tops, that rose to bar
Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
Which, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea ! and its own life also — lays them all
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth
A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones ;
The licens'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel —
What do they here ?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on
That harness which the ministry of death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of eternity.

INDIAN NAMES.

“ How can the Red Men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving ? ”

YE say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave ;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter shout ;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

YE say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,

Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale :
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown ;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes its hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart ;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

On laying the corner-stone of her monument at Fredericksburg,
Virginia.

LONG hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.

She bade bright summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage — mother of our chief!
Fit homage — such as honoureth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee — as in olden time —
Simple in garb — majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance — in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice and making folly grave.

Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth — to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought, —
We know not — Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile !
And show a race unborn who rests below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs — with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn — and sow
Good seed before the world hath sown her tares ;
Nor in their toil decline — that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly rear'd Virginia's godlike chief —
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,

Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington, or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude — yet may you raise
A monument above the stars — a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God.

LAYS FROM ABOVE.

An interesting young lady, who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." She was suddenly called in a few days to follow him; and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

SISTERS ! there's music here ;

From countless harps it flows,

Throughout this bright celestial sphere

Nor pause nor discord knows.

The seal is melted from my ear

By love divine,

And what through life I pined to hear,

Is mine ! Is mine !

The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,

And the full deep response of David's sacred lyre.

Did kind earth hide from me

Her broken harmony,

That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,

And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering soul ?

Joy ! — I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness are o'er,
Sweet sisters ! dry your tears :

Listen at hush of eve — listen at dawn of day —
List at the hour of prayer—can ye not hear my lay ?
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name,
Whose blood from Calvary streamed —
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the
redeemed.

Brother ! — my only one !
Belov'd from childhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done
And gathered early flowers ;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest

Upon thy gently-guiding arm—thy sympathizing breast:
'Tis better here to be.

No disappointments shroud
The angel-bowers of joy,
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
Our pleasures no alloy.

The fearful word — *to part*,
Is never breathed above,
Heaven hath no broken heart —
Call me not hence, my love.

O, mother ! — He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when death's fatal spear
Stretched him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too !
His smile my infant griefs restrained —
His image in my childish dream
And o'er my young affections reigned,
With gratitude unuttered and supreme.

But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow,
I know not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart
doth owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow ?

Ask ye, if filial love

Unbodied spirits prove ?

'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to sooth thy woes,

How near — thou canst not see —

I watch thy lone repose,

Alice doth comfort thee ;

To welcome thee I wait — blest mother ! come to me.

THE LITTLE HAND.

THOU wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth with azure tinge.

With what a smile of gladness, meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest,
While fondly to a mother's cheek
Thy lip and hand are prest.

That little hand ! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
When time its tiny nerves hath knit
With manhood's sinews stern ?

The artist's pencil shall it guide ?
Or spread the adventurous sail ?
Or guide the plough with rustic pride,
And ply the sounding flail ?

Through music's labyrinthine maze,
With dexterous ardour rove,

And weave those tender, tuneful lays,
That beauty wins from love ?

Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome,
With patient toil turn o'er ?
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch is o'er ?

Well skilled, the pulse of sickness press ?
Or such high honour gain
As, o'er the pulpit, raised, to bless
A pious listening train ?

Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervour cold ?
Or, shuddering, feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent-fold ?

Yet, O ! may that Almighty Friend,
From whom existence came,
That dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Bold folly's course restrain,
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain —

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And, with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth —

Discharge a just, an useful part
Through life's uncertain maze,
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,
It strike the lyre of praise.

BABE BURIED AT SEA.

THE deep sea took the dead. It was a babe
Like sculptur'd marble, pure and beautiful,
That lonely to its yawning gulfs went down.

— Poor cradled nursling — no fond arm was there
To wrap thee in its folds ; no lullaby
Came from the green sea-monster, as he laid
His shapeless head thy polished brow beside,
One moment wondering at the beauteous spoil
On which he fed. Old Ocean heeded not
This added unit to his myriad dead :
But in the bosom of the tossing ship
Rose up a burst of anguish, wild and loud,
From the vex'd fountain of a mother's love.

— The lost ! The lost ! Oft shall her startled dream
Catch the drear echo of the sullen plunge
That whelm'd the uncoffin'd body — oft her eye
Strain wide through midnight's long unslumbering
watch,
Remembering how his soft sweet breathing seem'd
Like measur'd music in a lily's cup,

And how his tiny shout of rapture swelled,
When closer to her bosom's core she drew
His eager lip.

Who thus, with folded arms,
And head declin'd, doth seem to count the waves,
And yet to heed them not? The sorrowing sire
Doth mark the last, faint ripple, where his child
Sank down into the waters. Busy thought
Turns to his far home, and those little ones
Whom sporting 'mid their favourite lawn he left,
And troubled fancy shows the weeping there,
When he shall seat them once more on his knee,
And tell them how the baby that they lov'd
Hid its pale cheek within its mother's breast,
And pin'd away and died — yet found no grave
Beneath the church-yard turf, where they might plant
The lowly mound with flowers.

But tell them, too,
O father! as a balsam for their grief,
That He who guards the water-lily's seed,
Through the long winter, and remembereth well
To bring its lip of snow and broad green leaf
Up from the darkness of its slimy cell
To meet the summer sun — will not forget
Their little brother, in his ocean bed,
But raise him from the deep, and call him forth
With brighter beauty, and a glorious form,
Never to fade or die.—

SONG OF THE ICELANDIC FISHERMEN.

YIELD the bark to the breezes free,
Point her helm to the far deep sea,
Where Heckla's watch-fire, streaming wild,
Hath never the mariner's eye beguiled,
Where, in boiling baths, strange monsters play
Down to the deep sea — launch away !

Gay over coral reefs we steer,
Where moulder the bones of the brave,
Where the beautiful sleep in their humid bier,
And the pale pearl gleams in its quenchless sphere,
The lamp of their ocean grave :
Swift o'er the crested surge we row ;
Down to the fathomless sea we go.

King of day ! to thee we turn,
May our course be blest by thee,
Eyes bright as thine in our homes shall burn
When again our hearths we see ;
When the scaly throng, to our skill a prey,
At the feet of our fur-clad maids we lay.

Thou art mighty in wrath, devouring tide !
The strong ship loves o'er thy foam to ride,
Her banner by bending clouds caress'd,
The waves at her keel, and a world in her breast ;
Thou biddest the blast of thy billows sweep,
Her tall masts bow to the cleaving deep,
And seal'd in thy cells her proud ones sleep.

Our sails are as chaff, when the tempest raves,
And our boat a speck on the mountain waves :
Yet we pour not to thee the imploring strain,
We sooth not thine anger, relentless main !
Libation we pour not, nor vow, nor prayer,
Our hope is in thee,
God of the sea !
The deep is thy path, and the soul thy care.

FILIAL CLAIMS.

WHO bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek,
Thus o'er the new-born babe ? content to take,
As payment for all agony and pain,
Its first soft kiss, its first breath on her brow,
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand ?
It is not needful that I speak the name
Of that *one being on this earth* whose love
Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man,
Thou, who through chance and change of time has trod
Thus far;—when some with vengeful wrath have mark'd
Thy waywardness, or in thy time of woe
Deserted thee, or with a rainbow smile
Lur'd and forsook, or on thine errors scowl'd
With unforgiving memory — *did she ?*
Thy mother ?

Child ! in whose rejoicing heart
The cradle-scene is fresh, the lulling hymn
Still clearly echoed, when the blight of age
Withereth that bosom where thine head doth lay,
When pain shall paralyze the arm that clasps

Thy form so tenderly, *wilt thou forget?*
Wilt thou be weary, though long years should ask
The patient offices of love to gird
A broken mind?

Turn back the book of life
To its first page. What deep trace meets thee there?
Lines from a mother's pencil. When her scroll
Of life is finish'd, when the hand of Death
Stamps that strong seal which none but God can break,
What should its last trace be?

Thy bending form
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to Heaven,
The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust
Back to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

NORA.

'Twas in the "green and weeping isle,"
Which like an emerald glows,
On the dark bosom of the deep,
In beautiful repose,

That widow'd Nora rear'd her boy,
Her only one, and fair,
With raven eye of eagle-glance,
And richly clustering hair.

And joyously she nurtur'd him,
The child of wit and glee,
As free and fearless as the winds
That swept his native sea,

As true of heart, as strong of hand,
As reckless of the foe,
As were his noble house, before
Affliction laid them low.

And when to sudden youth he sprang
'Twas sweet to see her glide,

As if scarce older than himself,
Like sister by his side.

Yet, sometimes, when her tuneful voice
Pour'd forth, at evening chime,
Those old Erse songs, the ancient breath
Of an unconquer'd clime,

How from its oft beleaguer'd shore
The Danish sea-kings fled,
Or some stout chieftain cleft in twain
The fierce usurper's head,

She, starting, mark'd his kindled eye,
With warrior's fire elate,
And bade the aspiring boy beware
His slaughter'd father's fate.

The war-cry rose, — 'gainst Albion's power,
Sprang forth a hostile train,
High blood was up, rash swords were out,
In conflict sharp and vain.

Then lonely Nora wept and pray'd,
Ere dawn's advancing light,
And watch'd until the sun sank down
Behind the empurpled height.

He came not back,— yet all too soon
She heard the words of woe,—
Her son adjudged to rebel's doom,
Her country's banner low.

Before a man of might there stood
A youth condemn'd and bound ;
And by his side a woman knelt,
In anguish, on the ground.

Her golden locks, dishevel'd, flow'd
Around her shoulders fair : —
“ Oh, save him ! — save him ! ” was the cry
That rent the troubled air ;

And from her agonizing soul
Burst such a shriek of pain,
That iron-bosom'd veterans shrank
To hear that sound again.

She wildly clasp'd the judge's knees,
And, with a maniac glare,
Besought “ the widow's only stay,
For Christ's dear sake, to spare : ”

But as she scann'd his rugged brow,
The blood forsook her cheek,

For sternly toward her darling son
He turn'd himself to speak.

“Stand forth, and name thy rebel friends,
These men to justice give,
Misguided youth ! — and mercy's voice
Bids thee go free and live.”

From earth indignant Nora sprang,
Her proud form towering high,
And bade the idol of her love
Gird up his strength to die : —

“For, if with deadly sin like this,
Should fleeting breath be bought,
Thy mother's milk shall scorch thy veins,
As burns the poison-draught.”

She saw them lead her gallant boy
A felon's death to die ;
And strangely mark'd his latest pang
With fix'd and tearless eye.

In one prolong'd and fond embrace
She wrapp'd the lifeless clay,
And firmly walking by its side,
Led on the homeward way.

A Spartan spirit, nobly proud,
Beam'd from her pallid face,—
Her glorious boy to death had bow'd,
But not to dire disgrace.

She bore him to his favourite room ;
His childhood's couch she spread ;
And press'd her white lips to his brow,
But not a word she said.

Yet ere again the brightening morn
O'er Erin's hills arose,
The mother and the son were join'd
In death's profound repose.

THE MOURNING LOVER.

THERE was a noble form, which oft I marked
As the full blossom of bright boyhood's charms
Ripened to manly beauty. Nature taught
His eloquent lip and fervid eye to win
Fair woman's trusting heart.

Yet not content —

Because ambition's fever wrought within,
He went to battle, and the crimson sod
Told where his life-blood gushed.

The maid who kept

In her young heart the secret of his love,
With all its hoarded store of sympathies
And images of hope, think ye she gave,
When a few years their fleeting course had run,
Her heart again to man ?

Not so ! She twined

Its riven tendrils round a surer prop,
And reared its blighted blossoms toward that sky
Which hath no cloud. She sought devotion's balm,
And, with a gentle sadness, turned her soul
From gaiety and song. Pleasure, for her,

Had lost its essence, and the viol's voice
Gave but a sorrowing sound. Even her loved plants
Breathed too distinctly of the form that bent
With hers, to watch their budding. 'Mid their flowers,
And, through the twining of their pensile stems,
The semblance of a cold, dead hand would rise, —
And so, she bade them droop and pass away
With him she mourned.

Yet still, with widowed heart
She parted out her pittance to the poor,
Sat by the bed of sickness, dried the tear
Of the forgotten weeper, and enrob'd
Herself in mercy, like the Bride of Heaven.

Years pass'd away, and still she seemed unchanged.
The principle of beauty hath no age ;
It looketh forth, even though the eye be dim,
The forehead frost-crowned, yea, it looketh forth,
Wherever there doth dwell a tender soul,
That in its chastened cheerfulness would shed
Sweet charity on all whom God hath made.

Years pass'd away, and, 'mid such holy toils
The hermit-heart found rest. Each night it seemed,
When to her lonely, prayerful couch she turn'd,
As if an angel folded his pure wing
Around her breast, inspiring her to keep
A saint's endurance.

Of her spirit's grief
She never spake. But, as the flush of health
Receded from her cheek, her patient eye
Gathered new lustre, and the mighty wing
Of that supporting angel seemed to gird
Closer her languid bosom : while in dreams
A music tone, like his who slumbered deep
Amid his country's dead, told her of climes
Where vows are never sundered.

One mild eve,
When on the foreheads of the sleeping flowers
The loving spring-dews hung their diamond wreaths,
She from her casket drew a raven curl,
And press'd it to her lips, and laid it down
Upon her Bible's page, and knelt to pour
The nightly incense of a stricken heart
At her Redeemer's feet. Grey morning came,
And still her white cheek on that holy book
Did calmly rest. Hers was that quiet sleep
Which hath no wakening here. Fled from her brow
Was every trace of pain, and in its stead
Methought the angel, who so long had been
Her comforter, had left a farewell-gift —
That smile which in the court of heaven doth beam.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
That build on the tossing and treacherous main ;
Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock ;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave ;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?

There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield,
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold ;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the througing dead ?

Ye build ! ye build ! but ye enter not in ;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramid's founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate plain,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

THE SEA.

I FAIN would be thy pupil, mighty Sea !
Yet speak thou gently to me, for I fear
Thy lifted terror, and I would not learn
The lesson that doth make the mariner
So deadly pale.

My mother, Earth, doth teach
An easy lore. She likes to speak of man.
Her level'd mountains and her cultured vales,
Town, tower, and temple, and triumphal arch,
All speak of man, and moulder while they speak.
But of whose architecture and design
Tell thine eternal fountains, when they rise
In conflict with the clouds, and when they fall ?
Of whose strong culture speak thy sunless plants,
And groves and gardens, which no mortal eye
May see and live ?

What sculptor's art hath wrought
Those coral monuments and tombs of pearl,
Where sleeps the sea-boy, 'mid a pomp that earth
Denies her buried kings ?

Whose science stretched
The simplest line to curb thy monstrous tide ?

And writing, "*Hitherto*," upon the sand,
Bade thy mad surge respect it ?

From whose loom
Comes forth thy drapery, that ne'er waxeth old ?
Who hath thy keys, thou deep ? Who taketh note
Of all thy wealth ? Who numbereth the host
That make their bed with thee ? What eye doth scan
Thy secret annal, from creation lock'd
Fast in those dark, illimitable cells,
Which he who visited hath ne'er return'd
To commune with the living ?

One reply !

Do all thine echoing depths and tossing waves
Make but one answer, — of that One Dread Name
Which he who deepest graves within his heart
Is wisest, tho' the world may call him fool.

Therefore I come, a listener to thy voice,
And bow me at thy feet, and touch my lip
To thy cold billow, — if perchance my soul,
That fleeting wanderer on these shores of time,
May, by thy lore instructed, learn of God.

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS IN AUTUMN.

My flowers, — my few and precious flowers, — what evil
hath been here ?

Came the fierce frost-king forth at night, so secret and
severe ?

I saw you last, with diamond dew fresh on each beauteous
head,

And little deem'd to find ye thus, — all desolate and dead.

White poppy, — tall and full of pride, — whose petals'
feathery grace,

So oft in snowy globes has deck'd my simple parlour vase ;
Thy oozing buds disclose the gum, that swells Hygeia's
store,

But the sleep of death is on thee now, — thy magic spell
is o'er.

Alas, my brave crysanthemum, how crisp thou art, and
sere,

Thou wert, perchance, too lightly priz'd, when gaudier
friends were near,

Yet, like a hero, didst thou rise, to meet the spoiler's
 dart,
 And battle till the pure life-blood ran curdling round thy
 heart.

My poor sweet-pea, my constant friend, whene'er I've
 sought in vain
 To twine a full bouquet for one who press'd the couch of
 pain,
 Or when my fading parterre fail'd my mantel-piece to
 dress,
 Thou always gav'st a hoarded gem to help me in distress.

But thou, dear lonely violet, thus smiling in my path,
 I marvel much how thou hast scap'd the tyrant's deadly
 wrath ;
 Didst thou hide beneath thy neighbour's robe, so flaunt-
 ing, and so fine,
 To bid one sad good morning more, and press thy lips to
 mine ?

Good-bye, my pretty flowering bean, that with a right
 good-will
 O'er casement, arch, and trellis, went climbing, — climb-
 ing still —
 Till the stern destroyer mark'd thee, and in his bitter ire
 Quench'd out thy many scarlet spikes, that glow'd like
 living fire.

Pale, pale wax-berry, — all is gone, I would it were not so,
 Methinks the woodbine near thee hath felt a lighter woe;
 Lean, lean upon its sheltering arm, thy latest pang to
 take,
 And yield to winter's stormy will, till happier seasons
 wake.

Coarse marigold, in days of yore I scorn'd thy tawny face,
 But, since my plants are frail and few, I've given thee
 welcome place;
 Tall London-pride! my little son from weeds hath cleared
 thy stem,
 And, for his sake, I sigh to see thy fallen diadem.

I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep,
 But I pass'd the rich man's garden, and the mourning
 there was deep, —
 For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the
 wasted sod,
 Like Boadicea, bent with shame, beneath the Roman rod.

'Tis hard to say farewell, my plants, 'tis hard to say fare-
 well,
 The florist might despise ye, yet your worth I cannot tell,
 For, at rising sun, or eventide, in sorrow, or in glee,
 Your fragrant lips have ever op'd to speak good words
 to me.

And dear ye were to him who died, when summer round
 ye play'd,
 That good old man, who look'd with love on all which God
 had made ;
 Who, when his first, familiar friends, sank down in dream-
 less rest,
 Took nature's green and living things more closely to his
 breast.

My blessed sire, we bore his chair at early summer-morn,
 That he might sit among your bowers, and see your
 blossoms born ;
 While meek and placid smiles around his reverend fea-
 tures play'd,
 The language of that better clime, where you no more
 shall fade.

Shall I see you once again, sweet flowers, when spring
 returneth fair,
 To strew her breathing incense upon the balmy air ?
 Will you lift to me your infant heads ? For me, with
 fragrance swell ?
 Alas, why should I ask you thus, what is not yours to tell.

I know, full well, before your buds shall hail the vernal
 sky,
 That many a younger, brighter brow beneath the clods
 must lie ;

And, if my pillow should be there, still come in beauty
free,

And show my little ones the love that you have borne
to me.

Yea, come in all your glorious pomp, ambassadors to show
The truth of those eternal words that on God's pages glow,
The bursting of the icy tomb, the rising of the just,
In robes of beauty, and of light, all stainless from the dust.

TWILIGHT.

I WOULD ye had not glared on me so soon,
Officious lamps ! — that gild the parlour scene
With such oppressive brightness. — They were here
Whose garments like the tissue of our dreams
Steal o'er the eye, and win it from the world.
They smiled on me so sweetly, and their hands
Clasped mine, and their calm presence woo'd away
The throb of grief so tenderly — I would
That twilight to the purple peep of dawn
Had kindly lingered.

She, who nearest hung,
Pressing my head to her meek, matron breast,
Was one who lulled me to my cradle sleep,
With such blest melodies as memory pours
Fresh from her echo-harp, when the fond heart
Asks for its buried joys. — Slow years have sown
Rank rooted herbage o'er her lowly couch,
Since she arose to chant that endless song
Which hath no dissonance.

Another form
Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom

When the cold grave shut o'er it. — It hath left
Its image everywhere — upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of the secret soul.
Would that those lips had spoken ! — yet I hear
Always their ring-dove murmuring, when I tread
Our wonted shady haunts.

Say, is there aught
Like the tried friendship of the sacred dead ?
It cannot hide its face, it changeth not,
Grieves not, suspects not, may not pass away ;
For as a seal upon the melted heart
'Tis set for ever.

Sure, 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel-visitants at even-tide,
Or midnight's holy hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath gathered, and with touch
Pure and ethereal to sublimate
The erring spirit.

THE WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carol'd, day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her, — thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold,
She round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay, —
The soul of woman lives in love :

And should'st thou wondering mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and sooth the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare,
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care,
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasur'd hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye ?

Did some white-wing'd messenger
On mercy's mission, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
And, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye ?

Tree nor shrub
Dare the drear atmosphere,—no polar-pine
Uplifts a veteran front, yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with stainless eyes to Him,
Who bids ye bloom unblanch'd amid the realm
Of desolation.

Man who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or treads the dizzy verge
Of yawning gulfs, down which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity,—looks shuddering up
And marks ye in your placid loveliness,

Fearless, yet frail ; and clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencil'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain-summits rushing toward the sky,
And chaining the wrapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind ye, drooping, to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

KING JOHN.

THERE stands at Runnymede a king, while summer clothes
the plains,

The blood of high Plantagenet is coursing through his
veins,

But yet a sceptred hand he lifts, to shade his haggard brow,
As if constrained to do a deed his pride would disallow.

He pauses still. — His faint eye rests upon those barons
bold,

Whose hands are grappling to their swords with fierce and
sudden hold.

That pause is broke ; — he bows him down before those
steel-girt men,

And glorious Magna Charta glows beneath his trembling
pen.

His false lip to a smile is wreathed, as their exulting shout,
From 'neath the green, embowering trees, upon the gale
swells out ;

Yet lingers long his cowering glance on Thames' translucent
tide,

As if some deep and bitter thought he from the throng
would hide.

I know what visiteth his soul, when midnight's heavy hand,
Doth crush the emmet cares of day, and wave reflection's
wand : —

Forth stalks his broken-hearted sire, wrapt in the grave-
robe drear,
And close around the ingrate's heart doth cling the ice of
fear.

I know what sounds are in his ear, when wrathful tempests
roll,
When God doth bid his lightnings search, his thunders
try the soul :
Above the blast young Arthur's shriek doth make the mur-
derer quake,
As if again his guiltless blood from Rouen's prison spake.

But though no red volcano burst to overwhelm the men of
crime,
No vengeful earthquake fiercely yawn to gorge them ere
their time,
Though Earth for her most guilty sons the festive board
doth set,
The wine-cup and the opiate draught, — yet say, can
Heaven forget ?

THE SACRED POET.

ART thou a mouth for the immortal mind ? —
A voice that shall be heard, when ages sleep
In cold oblivion ? when the rich man's pomp,
And all the ambitious strivings of the crowd
Shall be forgotten ? art thou well convinc'd
That such a gift is thine ?

Bow thee to dust,
And take this honour from the hand of God,
In deep humility, worm as thou art,
And all unworthy : ask for nought beside,
Thou, having this, hast all.

Prosperity,
Such as earth names, what are its gaudes to thee ?
Accustom'd to the crystal and the gold
Of poesy, that, like a sea of glass,
Doth compass thee around. Look up ! look up !
Baptized and set apart for Heaven's high will,
Cast not thy pearls to groundlings, lest they rend
Thy lavish hand ; but list when trembling dawn

Instructs Aurora ; muse, when night to night
Doth show forth knowledge, when the folded flower
Taket h its lesson of the dews that steal
Into its bosom, like the mother's hymn
O'er the tir'd infant ; and thine ear shall drink
A music-tone to solace every wound
That earth has made.

Then strike thy hallow'd harp
For unborn ages, and with trumpet-tone
Wake the immortal mind to highest hopes,
And be the teacher of what cannot die.
Yea, wear thy birth-right nobly on thy brow,
And nerve thy wing for God.

PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE OF PARENTS.

I'VE set the flow'rets where ye sleep,
 Father and mother dear,
Their roots are in the mould so deep,
 Their bosoms bear a tear, —
The tear-drop of the dewy morn
 Their trembling casket fills,
Mix'd with that essence from the heart
 That filial love distils.

Above thy pillow, mother dear,
 I've plac'd thy favourite flower, —
The bright-ey'd purple violet,
 That deck'd thy summer-bower ;
The fragrant camomile, that spreads
 Its verdure, fresh and green,
And richly broiders every niche,
 The velvet turf between.

I kiss'd the tender violet,
 That droop'd its stranger-head

And call'd it blessed thus to grow
 So near my precious dead.
And when my venturous path shall be
 Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise
 And guard that spot for me.

There was no other child, my dead !
 To do this deed for thee,
Mother ! no other nursling babe
 Ere sat upon thy knee,
And, Father ! — that endearing name
 No other lips than mine
Ere breath'd to prompt thy hallow'd prayer
 At morn or eve's decline.

Tear not those flowers, thou idle child,
 Tear not the flowers that wave,
In sweet and holy sanctity,
 To deck my parents' grave,
Lest guardian angels from the skies,
 That watch amid the gloom,
Should dart reproachful ire on those
 Who desecrate the tomb.

And spare to pluck my sacred plants,
 Ye groups that wander nigh,

When summer sunsets fire with gold
The glorious western sky ;
That, when your sleep is in the dust,
Where now your footsteps tread,
Some kindred hand may train the rose
Around your lowly bed.

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

O ENGLAND, mother-land, how oft my heart
In its lone musings hath gone forth to thee,
Or found the beauty of its brightest dreams
Glow in thy smile. For thou didst tell me tales
Of thine old kings, and of the steel-clad knights
Who battled for the truth, till I desir'd
To look upon the scenes that history made,
Sacred and hoary, as the simple child,
Going to rest, longs for its mother's kiss.

— Therefore have I come forth upon the wave ;
I, whose most dear and unambitious joy
Was 'neath the low porch of my vine-clad home,
To twine, at early morn, such tender shoots
As the cool night put forth, or grateful hear
The merry voices of my little ones,
Lifting the blossoms from their turfy bed,
I have come strangely forth upon the breast
Of boisterous ocean, shrinking as his voice
Swells out in sudden wrath, — or on the mast,
Watching the lessening sailor's perilous way,

With childish fear, — yea, I have ventur'd forth
To kneel beside thy feet before I die.

— Show me the birth-place of thy bards of old,
Whose music bow'd me as a mighty wind
Doth sweep the reeds. Show me their marble tombs,
Whose varied wisdom taught the awe-struck world,
Those giants of old times ; — show me thy domes,
And castellated towers, with ivy crown'd,
The proud memorials of a buried race ; —
Pour on mine ear thy rich, cathedral hymn,
England, my mother, and to my far home,
In the green west, I will rejoicing turn,
Thine image deeper grav'd within my heart

THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.

GRIEF ! Grief ! 'tis thy symbol, so mute and drear,
Yet it hath a tale for the listening ear,
Of the nurse's care, and the curtain'd bed,
And the baffled healer's cautious tread,
And the midnight lamp, with its flickering light,
Half screen'd from the restless sufferer's sight ;
Yes, many a sable scene of woe
Doth that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain ! Pain ! art thou wrestling here with man ;
For the broken gold of his wasted span ?
Art thou straining thy rack on his tortur'd nerve,
Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve ?
Till burning tears from his eyeballs flow,
And his manhood faints in a shriek of woe ?
Methinks, thy scorpion-sting I trace,
Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death ! Death ! do I see thee, with weapon dread
Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle-bed ?

The mother is there, with her sleepless eye,
To dispute each step of thy victory,
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is to die in her idol's place,
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,
But thou wilt not be brib'd from that babe away.

Earth ! Earth ! thou hast stamp'd on thy scroll of bliss
The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,
Where the bridal lamp glean'd clear and bright,
And the foot thro' the maze of the dance was light,
Thou biddest the black-rob'd weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel ;
And still to the heart that will heed its lore,
Doth Wisdom speak from yon muffled door.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Written after a visit to him.

O ENGLAND ! full of years, — yet passing fair, —
I drink thy beauty with a child's delight,
The tear upon my face. —

Thy moss-crown'd heights,
Beneath whose base 'twould seem that Time had paus'd
Like an o'erspent destroyer, — and laid down
Feigning to sleep, and let their glory pass, —
Thy proud, baronial mansions, deck'd with all
That wealth can win from art, — but more than these,
Thy mist-encircled hills, — thy crystal lakes
Glassing themselves amid the velvet meads, —
Thy green, green hedges, with their tufted bloom, —
Thy cottage children, playing 'mid the flowers
That make their thatch-roof'd homes so beautiful, —
These well repay me, to have dared for thee
The tempest-swoll'n Atlantic, though unus'd
To perils on the deep.

But most of all,
That I have found thee, in thy rural bower,

Whose music thrill'd my heart, when life was new —
That I have seen thy face and heard thy voice,
Is glorious gain : — for on the sacred walls
Of the soul's cabinet, where she retires
To muse amid her treasur'd imagery,
Henceforth shall hang thy picture, — mild with thought,
And sublimed with genius, — ne'er to fade,
Till death shall darken all material things.

SPEAK NO ILL OF POETRY.

MORN on her rosy couch awoke,
 Enchantment led the hour,
And mirth and music drank the dews
 That freshen Beauty's flower ;
When from her bower of deep delight,
 I heard a young girl sing,
" O, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

The sun in noon-day heat rose high,
 And on with heaving breast,
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
 Unpitied and unblest ;
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
 Forth from a broken string,
" O, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
 'Mid agony severe,

While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere ;—
Yet still it sigh'd, even when was spread
The waiting angel's wing,
“ O, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing.”

STATUE OF THE SPINNING GIRL,

AT CHATSWORTH, THE SEAT OF THE
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

SPIN on, most beautiful. —

There's none to mock
Thy simple labour here. Majestic forms
Of high renown, and brows of classic grace,
Whose sculptured features speak the breathing soul,
Rise in illustrious ranks, but not to scorn
Thy lowly toil. —

Even so, it was of old,
That woman's hand, amid the elements
Of patient industry and household good,
Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread
From the light distaff, — or in skilful loom
Weaving rich tissues, — or with glowing tints
Of rich embroidery, pleas'd to decorate
The mantle of her lord. — And it was well, —
For, in such shelter'd and congenial sphere,
Content with duty dwelt. —

Yet few there are,
Sweet Filatrice, — who in their earnest task

Find such retreat as thine, — 'mid lordly halls,
And sparkling fountains, and umbrageous trees,
And parks far stretching, where the antler'd deer
Forget the hound and horn.

And we, who roam
'Mid all this grand enchantment, — proud saloons,
And galleries radiant with the gems of art
And genius, ravish'd from the grasp of time, —
And princely chapel, uttering praise to God, —
Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze
Of plants, and flowers, and blossoms, breathing forth
Their eloquence to Him, — delighted lay
This slight memorial at thy snowy feet.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

FLOWERS ! fresh flowers, with your fragrance free,
Have you come in your queenly robes to *me*?
Me, have you sought from your far retreat,
With your greeting lips, and your dewy feet,
And the upward glance of your radiant eye
Like angel-guests from a purer sky ?

But where did ye hide, when the frost drew near,
And your many sisters were blanched with fear ? —
Where did ye hide ? — with a blush as bright
As ye wore amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wile of the tempter its bliss had sham'd,
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flam'd.

Flowers — sweet flowers — with your words of cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath sent you here ;
For this, may her blossoms of varied dye
Be the fairest and first 'neath a vernal sky,
And she be led, by their whispered lore,
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

THE MARTYR OF SCIO.

BRIGHT summer breathed in Scio. Gay she hung
Her coronal upon the olive groves,
Flushed the rich clusters on the ripening vines,
And shook fresh fragrance from the citron boughs,
Till every breeze was satiate. But the sons
Of that fair isle bore winter in their soul.
'Mid the proud temples of their ancestors,
And through the weeping mastic bowers, their step
Was like the man who hears the oppressor's voice
In Nature's softest echo ; for the Turk
In sullen domination sternly roamed
Where mighty Homer awed the listening world.

Once to the proud divan, with stately step,
A youth drew near. Surpassing beauty sate
Upon his princely brow, and from his eye
A glance like lightning parted as he spake.

“ I had a jewel. From my sires it came
In long transmission ; and upon my soul
There was a bond to keep it for my sons.

"Tis gone — and in its place a false one shines,—
I ask for justice."

Brandishing aloft

His naked scimitar, the cadî cried,
"By Allah and his Prophet! guilt like this
Shall feel the avenger's stroke. Show me the wretch
Who robbed thy casket."

Then the appellant tore
The turban from his head, and cast it down;
"Lo! the false jewel see. And would'st thou know
Whose fraud exchanged it for my precious gem?
Thou art the man. My birth-right was the faith
Of Jesus Christ, which thou hast stolen away
With hollow words. Take back thy tinselled bait
And let me, sorrowing, seek my Saviour's fold.
Tempted I was, and madly have I fallen —
Oh, give me back my faith."

And there he stood,
The stately-born of Scio, in whose veins
Stirred the high blood of Greece. There was a pause,
A haughty lifting up of Turkish brows,
In wonder and in scorn; a hissing tone
Of wrath precursive, and a stern reply —

"The faith of Moslem, or the sabre-stroke:
Choose thee, young Greek!"

Then rose his lofty form
In all its majesty, and his deep voice

Rang out sonorous as a triumph-song,
"Give back my faith!"

A pale torch faintly gleamed
Through niche and window of a lonely church,
And thence the wailing of a stifled dirge
Rose sad o'er midnight's ear. A corpse was there —
And a young beauteous creature, kneeling low
In speechless grief. Her wealth of raven locks
Swept o'er the dead man's brow, as there she laid
The withered bridal crown, while every hope
That at its twining woke, and every joy
Young love in fond idolatry had nursed,
Perished that hour.

Feebly she raised her child,
And bade him kiss his father. But the boy
Shrank back in horror from the clotted blood,
And wildly clasped his hands with such a cry
Of piercing anguish that each heart recoiled
From his impassioned woe. Yet there was one
Unmoved, — one white-haired, melancholy man,
Who stood in utter desolation forth,
Silent and solemn, like some lonely tower.
Still in his tearless eye there seemed a spark
Of ancient glory 'mid despair to burn —
That Sciote martyr was his only son.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

“ When he found his end drew nigh, that great king summoned his barons and peers around him, and, singling out the good Lord James of Douglas, fondly entreated him, as his old friend and companion in arms, to cause his heart to be taken from his body, after death, and to transport it to Palestine, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go thither in person.”

Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

KING ROBERT bore with gasping breath
The strife of mortal pain,
And, gathering round the couch of death,
His nobles mourned in vain.
Bathed were his brows in chilling dew,
As thus he faintly cried, —
“ Red Comyn, in his sins, I slew
At the high altar's side.

“ For this, a vow my soul hath bound,
In armed lists to ride,
A warrior to that Holy Ground
Where my Redeemer died.
Lord James of Douglas, see, we part !
I die before my time ;

I charge thee bear this pulseless heart
A pilgrim to that clime."

He ceased, for lo! in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
He came, who treads with icy foot
Upon the lamp of life.
The brave Earl Douglas, trained to meet
Dangers and perils wild,
Now, kneeling at his sovereign's feet,
Wept as a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfermline's hallowed nave,
Enwrapt in cloth of gold,
The Bruce's relics found a grave
Deep in their native mould ;
But locked within its silver vase,
Next to Lord James' breast,
His heart went journeying on apace,
In Palestine to rest.

While many a noble Scottish knight,
With sable shield and plume,
Rode as its guard in armour bright,
To bless their Saviour's tomb.
As on the scenery of Spain
They bent a traveller's eye,

Forth came, in bold and glorious train,
Her flower of chivalry.

Led by Alphonso 'gainst the Moor,
They came in proud array,
And set their serried phalanx sure
To bide the battle-fray.
“ God save ye now, ye gallant band
Of Scottish warriors true ;
Good service for the Holy Land
Ye on this field may do.”

So with the cavalry of Spain
In brother's grasp they closed,
And the grim Saracen in vain
Their blended might opposed ;
But Douglas, with his falcon-glance,
O'erlooking crest and spear,
Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance, —
That friend from childhood dear.

He saw him by a thousand foes
Opprest and overborne,
And high the blast of rescue rose
From his good bugle-horn ;
And, reckless of the Moorish spears,
In bristling ranks around,

His monarch's heart, oft steeped in tears,
He from his neck unbound,

And flung it toward the battle front,
And cried, with panting breath,
" Pass first, my liege, as thou wert wont, —
I follow thee to death."

Stern Osmyn's sword was dire that day,
And keen the Moorish dart,
And there Earl Douglas bleeding lay
Beside the Bruce's heart.

Embalmed with Scotland's flowing tears,
That peerless champion fell,
And still the lyre, to future years,
His glorious deeds shall tell.
The " good Lord James," that honoured name,
Each Scottish babe shall call,
And all who love the Bruce's fame
Shall mourn the Douglas' fall.

THOUGHTS AT GRASSMERE.

Ho ! dark Helvellyn, — prince amid the hills
That each upon his feudal seat maintains
Unwarring sovereignty, — hast thou a tale
For gentle Grassmere, — that thou thus dost droop
Thy plumed helmet o'er her face, — and look
So earnestly into her mirror'd eye ?
— A tale of love, perchance, for she, methinks,
Doth listen coyly, — while the fleeting cloud
Leaves mingled shade and sunlight on her brow.
She listeneth down, thro' all her crystal depths,
And the lone emerald that adorns her breast
Trembleth.

'Tis fitting, sure, that ye should hold
Some speech of tenderness, in scenes like these,
Where, from the very beauty of His works,
God doth bespeak man's love for Him, and all
Whom He hath made.

And who can musing tread
'Mid such exuberance of glorious charms,

Nor feel his heart expanding with new warmth
Of kindliness to all ?

Humbled it takes
The cup of blessing from a Father's hand,
Half satiate, yet unworthy of its bliss, —
And, in o'erflowing charity, would fain
Grasp every creature.

Author of our joys !
So give this charity in us to grow,
And bring forth fruit, — that, wheresoe'er we roam
On this wide earth, — all whom we meet may seem
The children of one Parent, and, to us,
Brethren and friends.

THE CHILDREN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

LIGHT sped a bark from Gallia's strand
Across the azure main,
And on her deck a joyous band, —
A proud and courtly train,
Surrounded Albion's princely heir,
Who toward his realm returned ;
And music's cheering strain was there,
And hearts with pleasure burned.

It was a fair and glorious sight
That gallant bark to see,
With floating streamers, glittering bright
In pomp of chivalry ;
The smooth sea bless'd her as she flew,
The gentle gale impelled,
As if each crested billow knew
What wealth her bosom held.

But strangely o'er the summer sky
A sable cloud arose,

And hollow winds, careering high,
Rushed on like armed foes.
Loud thunders roll, wild tempests rave,
Red lightnings cleave the sky, —
What is yon wreck amid the wave ?
And whence that fearful cry ?

See ! see ! amid the foaming surge
There seems a speck to float,
And, with such speed as oars can urge,
Toils on the labouring boat.
The Prince is safe — but to his ear
There came a distant shriek,
Which to his strained eye brought the tear,
And paleness to his cheek.

That voice ! 'twas by his cradle side,
When with sweet dream he slept, —
It ruled his wrath, it soothed his pride,
When moody boyhood wept.
'Twas with him in his hour of glee,
Gay sports, and pastimes rare ;
And at his sainted mother's knee,
Amid the evening prayer.

Plunging, he dared the breakers hoarse, —
None might the deed restrain, —

And battled, with a maniac's force,
The madness of the main.
He snatched his sister from the wreck, —
Faint was her accent dear,
Yet strong her white arms 'twined his neck, —
“Blest William! art thou here?”

The wild waves swelled like mountains on,
The blasts impetuous sweep; —
Where is the heir of England's throne?
Go, — ask the insatiate deep!
He sleeps in Ocean's coral grove,
Pale pearls his bed adorn,
A martyr to that hallow'd love
Which with his life was born.

Woe was in England's halls that day,
Woe in her royal towers,
While low her haughty monarch lay,
To wail his smitten flowers:
And, though protracted years bestow
Bright honour's envied store,
Yet on that crowned and lofty brow
The smile sat never more.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

VERDANT and beautiful ! How fair thy vales !
With what a smile thy gentle river glides ;
While thro' the vale of interwoven boughs
Thy peaceful dwellings pleasantly look forth.
Yon hallow'd temple, crown'd with snowy spire,
Casts a lone shadow o'er the sacred spot
Where sleeps the white-haired shepherd 'mid his flock —
The lov'd of God and man. The statesman's head,
With all its gather'd mass of curious lore,
Locked up in marble — and the soldier's arm,
Strong for his country, in her hour of need,
Are here, too, 'neath the turf. And there, amid
The lawns and gardens which their hands had dress'd.
The ancient fathers, with their numerous race,
Securely dwelt.

Yon mansion hath a voice
Of other days. Through the dim lapse of years,
And rule of strangers, still around its halls
Flit cherished images of good old times,

When hospitality, with grasp sincere,
Led to her board the unexpected guest,
And, careless of the pomp of proud array,
Or servitude of menials, warmed the heart
To social joy.

I do remember, too,
How, in my early years, yon dome sent forth
The daughter, in her bridal loveliness,
To wreath fresh roses round a distant home,
And stately sons, all strong and bold, to take
Their untried portion in this tossing world.
From thence the father, to an honoured grave,
Was borne — and there the mother of the flock,
Lovely and loved, as in her day of bloom,
Sank meekly on her couch, to rise no more :
And the sweet haunts of her sweet ministry
Have lost her name for ever. Yet the vine
That gadding round her nursery window climbed,
Still lives unnurtured. And, methinks, its leaves
Thrill with the lore of hoarded memories,
Pleasant, yet mournful.

But that ancient race,
With whom our heart's deep reverence dwelt so long,
Methinks, at such an hour they seem to stand
Again among us — even more palpably
Than those we call the living. Wait we not
At hush of eve for them ? dreaming we hear
Their footsteps in the rustle of the leaves,

Or their low whisper, warning us to seek
A home not made with hands ?

So may it be ;

And to that home eternal, every one
Who here were wrapt in the frank fellowship
Of simpler days, and mourn its loss with tears,
Be gathered, where no more the blight of ill,
Or fear of change, or sigh of pain shall steal,
O'er the pure mingling of congenial souls.

FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH.

THE shade is on thy brow, sweet land,
The shade is on thy brow,
For autumn rends away the crown
That summer gave but now ;
I turn me toward a greener clime,
Where loftier groves appear,
But still the tear is on my cheek
For thee, Edina dear.

There may, perchance, be richer realms,
Where pride and splendour roll,
But thou hast, sure, the wealth of heart,
That wins the stranger's soul ;
There may, perchance, be those who say
That Scotia's hills are drear,
Yet tears are lingering on my cheek
For thee, Edina dear.

And when, my pilgrim-wanderings o'er,
I seek my forest-land,

And by my ingle-side once more
Do clasp the kindred hand,
And tell my listening children tales
Of climes of foreign fame, —
Their grateful tears with mine will fall
At dear Edina's name.

LOVE OF WEALTH.

O EARTH ! thou gorg'd and mighty sepulchre !
How find'st thou room for all the born of clay,
From him, the sire of Eden, to the babe
That gasps this hour ?

Why need we join the race
For shadows on thy surface ? — hastening on
Ourselves like shadows, to the common home
That waits the dead.

What boots a broad domain,
A lordly heritage, — for which are feuds,
Heart-burnings, and, perchance, a brother's blood ?
— Show me the face, upon thy country's map,
Of that estate which lust hath coveted,
And fraud obtain'd. Show me its waving trees,
Its pleasant hillocks, and its corn-clad vales.
Thou canst not ! Boast they not one narrow space
Upon the picture ? Yet for this a soul
Hath lost its place in Heaven !

Ah ! shall we throw
Love, truth, and conscience, in the ill-pois'd scale,

And bid some little modicum of gold
Outweigh them all ?

I thought that I had read
There was a judgment, — where the deeds of men
Met just reward. But they who lightly look
Upon the shifting face of things might deem
God's page of truth revers'd, — and that the gain
Of wealth was what the denizens of earth
Did chiefly toil and strive for, — and the words,
“ *Get rich,*” — had been sole passport to heaven's gate.

MARIE OF WUTEMBURG.*

Who moves in beauty, 'mid the regal bowers
Of her dear native France?
And, while the fairy-footed hours
Round her all enchanted dance,
With florist's care doth nurse meek virtue's flowers?
Who bends so low
To hear the tale of woe,
And, with a cloudless sunshine in her breast,
Findeth her highest joy in making others blest?

Genius, with inspiration high,
Beams from her enkindled eye,
Her sculptur'd touch, how fine,
The graces o'er her chisel hang, and guide its every
line :

* When tidings of the death of the Princess Marie, who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Louis Philippe, and married to the Duke of Wurtemberg, reached France, the queen, in the midst of her grief, said, "I have a daughter less, but heaven an angel more."

At her creative power
Forth springs that warrior-maid
Who erst in danger's darkest hour
Her country's foemen staid ;
Lo ! Joan of Arc, energetic as of old,
Stands forth at Marie's call, and fires the marble cold.

I hear rich music float,
Hark ! 'tis a marriage lay, —
Love swells with joy the enraptur'd note,
Kings and their realms are gay, —
Bright pageants gild the auspicious day,
While Germany, who wins the gem
Thus given from Gallia's diadem,
A glad response doth pay ;
And Alexander, with a princely pride,
Leads to his palace-home his all-accomplished bride.

The skies of Italy are bright,
The olives green on Pisa's height,
But on that verdant shore
Is one whom health with rosy light
Revisiteth no more.
How sad, beneath such genial shade,
To see the flower of France reposing but to fade.

An infant's plaint of woe !
Alas, poor babe ! — how dire thy fate, —

A loss thou canst not know,
Whose drear extent each opening year must show,
Meets thee at the world's fair gate :
Thy tender memory may not hold
The image of that scene of death,
When the stern spoiler, all unmov'd and cold,
Took thy sweet mother's breath, —
Thy father weeping by her side,
As, powerless on his breast, she bow'd her head and
died.

She might not lull thee to thy rest,
Or longer linger here,
To dry thine infant tear,
And share the unimagi'd zest
Of young maternity.
But from her home, amid the blest,
Gazeth she not on thee ?
Doth she not watch thee, when soft slumbers steep
Thy gentle soul in visions deep ?
Press on thy waking eyes an angel's kiss,
And bid thee rise at last to yon pure realm of bliss ?

ROME.

"Tis sunset on the Palatine. A flood
Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,
And o'er the rough and serrate Appenines
Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists
Rise faintly o'er the grey and ivied tombs
Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals
Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold
Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust.
Was that thy camp, old Romulus, where creeps
The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes
And mouldering columns ?

Lo ! thy clay-built huts,
And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,
Up from the sea of buried ages rise,
Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee stand,
Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human herd
Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant
Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a might
And majesty by thy untutored soul
Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams

The careless boy, who to the teeming earth
Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,
Which, springing from that noteless germ, shall rear
Its banner to the skies, when he must sleep
A noteless atom.

Hark ! the owlet's cry,
That, like a muttering sybil, makes her cell
'Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering bats,
And gliding lizards. Tells she not to man,
In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,
The end of earthly glory ?

With mad haste
No more the chariot round the stadium flies ;
Nor toil the rivals in the painful race
To the far goal ; nor from yon broken arch
Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to claim
The hard-earned garland. All have pass'd away,
Save the dead ruins, and the living robe
That nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,
High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,
And wild exulting triumph, here have reigned,
And perished all.

'Twere well could we forget
How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial Rome
With all her fairest, brightest brows, looked down
On the stern courage of the wounded wretch
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh

Or tone of tender pity were to him
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye
The distant vision of his cabin rude,
With all its echoing voices, all the rush
Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang
To which keen death was slight.

But now the scene

Once proudly peopled with the gods of earth
Spreads unempurpled, unimpasion'd forth,
While, curtain'd with her ancient glory, -- Rome
Slumbereth, like one o'erwearied.

ON A PICTURE OF PENITENCE.

YES ! look to Heaven. Earth scorns to lend
Refuge, or ray thy steps to guide ;
Bids pity with suspicion blend,
And slander check compassion's tide.

We will not ask, what thorn hath found
Admittance to thy bosom fair, —
If love hath dealt a traitor's wound,
Or hopeless folly woke despair : —

We only say, that sinless clime,
To which is raised thy streaming eye,
Hath pardon for the deepest crime,
Though erring man that boon deny : —

We only say, the prayerful breast,
The gushing tear of contrite pain,
Have power to ope that portal blest,
Where vaunting pride must toil in vain.

ZAMA.

I LOOKED, and on old Zama's arid plain
Two chieftains stood. At distance ranged their hosts,
While they, with flashing eye, and gesture strong,
Held their high parley. One was sternly marked
With care and hardship. Still his warrior soul
Frowned in unbroken might, as when he sealed,
In ardent boyhood, the eternal vow
Of enmity to Rome. The other seemed
Of younger years, and on his noble brow
Beauty with magnanimity sat throned ;
And yet, methought, his darkening eye-ball said,
" Delenda est Carthago."

Brief they spake,
And parted as proud souls in anger part,
While the wild shriek of trumpets, and the rush
Of cohorts rent the air. I turned away.
The pomp of battle, and the din of arms
May round a period well ; but to behold
The mortal struggle, and the riven shield —
To mark how nature's holiest, tenderest ties
Are sundered — to recount the childless homes,

And sireless babes, and widows' early graves,
Made by one victor-shout, bids the blood creep
Cold through its channels.

Once again I looked —
When the pure moon unveiled a silent scene —
Silent, save when from 'neath some weltering pile
A dying war-horse neighed, in whose gored breast
Life lingered stubbornly, or some pale knight
Half-raised his arm, awakened by the call
Of his loved steed, even from the dream of death.

With stealthy step the prowling plunderer stalked,
The dark-winged raven led her clamorous blood
To their dread feast, and on the shadowy skirts
Of that dire field, the fierce hyena rolled
A keen malevolent eye.

Time sped its course.
Fresh verdure mantled Zama's fatal plain,
While Carthage, with a subjugated knee
And crownless head, toiled 'mid the slaves of Rome.

Once more I sought Hamilcar's awful son —
And, lo ! an exiled, and despised old man,
Guest of Bithynian perfidy, did grasp
The poison-goblet in his withered hand,
And drink and die !

Say ! is this he who rent
The bloody laurel from Saguntum's walls ?

That eagle of the Alps, who, through the clouds
Wrapping in murky folds their slippery heights,
Forced his unwieldy elephants ? who rolled
Victory's hoarse thunder o'er Ticinus' tide ?
And 'mid the field of Cannæ waved his sword
Like a destroying angel ? This is he, —
And this is human glory !

God of might,
Gird with thy shield our vacillating hearts,
That, 'mid the illusive and bewildering paths
Of this brief pilgrimage, we may not lose
Both this world's peace, and the rewards of that
Which hath no shadow.

From this double loss,
This wreck of all probationary hope,
Defend us by thy power.

THE ELM-TREES.

I do remember me
Of two old elm-trees' shade,
With mosses sprinkled at their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd ;
While the rocks above their head
Frown'd out so stern and grey,
And the little crystal streamlet near
Went leaping on its way.

There, side by side, they flourish'd,
With intertwining crown,
And, through their broad embracing arms,
The prying moon look'd down ;
And I deem'd, as there I linger'd —
A musing child, alone —
She sought my secret heart to scan,
From her far silver throne.

I do remember me
Of all their wealth of leaves,

When summer, in her radiant loom,
The burning solstice weaves ;
And how, with firm endurance,
They brav'd an adverse sky, —
Like Belisarius, doom'd to meet
His country's wintry eye.

I've roam'd through varied regions,
Where stranger-streamlets run,
And where the proud magnolia flaunts
Beneath a southern sun,
And where the sparse and stunted pine
Puts forth its sombre form, —
A vassal to the arctic cloud,
And to the tyrant storm,

And where the pure, unruffled lakes
In placid wavelets roll,
Or where sublime Niagara shakes
The wonder-stricken soul,
I've sought the temple's sculptur'd pile,
The pencil's glorious art, —
Yet still those old green trees I wore
Depictur'd on my heart.

Years fled ; — my native vale I sought,
Where those tall elm-trees wave ;

But many a column of its trust
Lay broken in the grave.
The ancient and the white-hair'd men,
Whose wisdom was its stay,
For them I ask'd, and Echo's voice
Made answer, — "*Where are they?*"

I sought the thrifty matron,
Whose busy wheel was heard
When the early beams of morning
Awoke the chirping bird.
Strange faces from her window look'd, —
Strange voices fill'd her cot ;
And, 'neath the very vine she train'd,
Her memory was forgot.

I left a youthful mother,
Her children round her knee,
Those babes had risen into men,
And coldly look'd on me ; —
But she, with all her bloom and grace,
Did in the church-yard lie,
While still those changeless elms upbore
Their kingly canopy.

Though we, who 'neath their lofty screen,
Pursued our childish play,

May show amid our sunny locks
Some lurking tints of grey ;
And, though the village of our love
Doth many a change betide,
Still do those sacred elm-trees stand,
In all their strength and pride.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

COME to the hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanched,
And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts
That high tribunal with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near,
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil to hear or tell
Of some new thing. See, thither throng the bands
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask —
“What will this babbler say?” With front austere
Stand a dark group of Stoics, sternly proud,
And pre-determined to confute: yet still
’Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers,
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce Cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish, while the patient sons

Of gentle Plato bow the listening soul
 To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
 Build the fair argument. Behold the throngs
 Press on the speaker, drawing still more close
 In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
 Speak of the God who "warneth everywhere
 Men to repent," and of that fearful day
 When He shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
 The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
 And that blest voice is silent. They have mocked
 At Heaven's high messenger, and he departs
 From the mad circle. But his graceful hand
 Points to an altar, with its mystic scroll —
 "The Unknown God." — Oh ! Athens ! is it so ?
 Thou who hast crowned thyself with woven rays
 As a divinity, and called the world
 Thy pilgrim-worshipper, dost thou confess
 Such ignorance and shame ?

The Unknown God !

Why, all thy hillocks and resounding streams
 Do boast their deity, and every house,
 Yea, every beating heart within thy walls,
 May choose its temple and its priestly train,
 Victim and garland, and appointed rite ;
 Thou makest the gods of every realm thine own,
 Fostering, with frantic hospitality,
 All forms of idol-worship. Can it be
 That still thou found'st not Him who is so near

To every one of us, in "whom we live,
And move, and have our being?" Found not Him
Of whom thy poets spake with childlike awe?

And thou, philosophy, whose art, refined,
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of fate,
And compass with a fine-spun sophist web
This mighty universe — didst thou fall short
Of the Upholding Cause? —

The Unknown God?

Thou who didst smile to find the admiring world
Crouch as a pupil to thee, wert thou blind? —
Blinder than he who, in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
Turneth the page of Jesus and doth read,
With toil, perchance, that the trim schoolboy scorns,
Counting him, in his arrogance, a fool?
Yet shall that poor, wayfaring man lie down
With such a hope as thou could'st never teach
Thy king-like sages — yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death, the victory from the grave.

SCHOOL OF YOUNG LADIES.

How fair upon the admiring sight,
In Learning's sacred fane,
With cheek of bloom, and robe of white,
Glide on yon graceful train.
Blest creatures ! to whose gentle eye
Earth's gilded gifts are new,
Ye know not that distrustful sigh
Which deems its vows untrue.

There is a bubble on your cup
By buoyant fancy nurs'd,
How high its sparkling foam leaps up !
Ye do not think 'twill burst :
And be it far from me to fling
On budding joys a blight,
Or darkly spread a raven's wing
To shade a path so bright.

There twines a wreath around your brow,
Blent with the sunny braid ;
Love lends its flowers a radiant glow —
Ye do not think 'twill fade :

And yet 'twere safer there to bind
That plant of changeless dye,
Whose root is in the lowly mind,
Whose blossom in the sky.

But who o'er beauty's form can hang,
Nor think how future years
May bring stern sorrow's speechless pang
Or, disappointment's tears,
Unceasing toil, unpitied care,
Cold treachery's serpent moan —
Ills that the tender heart must bear,
Unanswering and alone.

Yet, as the frail and fragrant flower,
Crushed by the sweeping blast,
Doth even in death an essence pour,
The sweetest, and the last,
So woman's deep, enduring love,
Which nothing can appal,
Her steadfast faith, that looks above
For rest, can conquer all.

PICTURE OF A SLEEPING INFANT WATCHED BY A DOG.

SWEET are thy slumbers, baby. Gentle gales
Do lift the curtaining foliage o'er thy head,
And nested birds sing lullaby ; and flowers
That form the living broidery of thy couch
Shed fresh perfume.

He, too, whose guardian eye
Pondereth thy features with such true delight,
And faithful semblance of parental care,
Counting his master's darling as his own,
Should aught upon thy helpless rest intrude,
Would show a lion's wrath.

And when she comes,
Thy peasant-mother, from her weary toil,
Thy shout will cheer her, and thy little arms
Entwine her sunburnt neck, with joy as full
As infancy can feel. They who recline
In luxury's proud cradle, lulled with strains
Of warbling lute, and watched by hireling eyes,

And wrapt in golden tissue, share, perchance,
No sleep so sweet as thine.

Is it not thus

With us, the larger children ? Gorgeous robes,
And all the proud appliances of wealth,
Touch not the heart's content ; but he is blest,
Though clad in humble garb, who peaceful greets
The smile of nature, with a soul of love.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

I HAD a little blossom, — its nursing-root was dead,
And in my breast I hid it, when its angel mother fled,
But at every blast I shudder'd, and I trembled day and
 night,
Lest some unseen destroyer my only bud should blight.

Two years of sleepless care, — yet of high and sacred joy,
Brought forth, in ruddy health, my lovely, blooming boy,
With the curls around his head, and the lustre in his eye,
And the music on his lip, like a song-bird of the sky.

In wakeful hours I mus'd, and I wish'd, while others sleep,
That, for his precious sake, my wealth was broad and deep,
So I forc'd my lingering mind for a little while to go,
And gather for my son, where the gold and silver grow.

The old nurse lov'd my blooming boy, and round her
 neck he clung
With his clasping, ivory arms, and his busy, flattering
 tongue ;

She promis'd to be faithful, with the tear upon her cheek,
And I tore myself away, as he lay in slumbers meek.

Both night and day I toil'd, while my heart was with the
child,

And, on my every labour, propitious fortune smil'd, —
Then I homeward set my face, when the spring-flowers
'gan to blow, —

O, for an eagle's pinion ! — the flying car, how slow.

I brought the baubles that he lov'd, the tiny, gilded drum,
The crimson-banner'd host, that to mimic battle come, —
The Argonautic shells, that sail in pearly fleet,
And, in its pretty cage, the bright-wing'd paroquet.

My trees ! my roof ! I knew them well, tho' midnight's
veil was drear,

The pale nurse-lamp was flickering within the nursery
dear,

But a muffled watcher started thence, at my impatient tread,
And there my darling lay, on his white mattress-bed.

How still ! — My God, is there no voice ? — And has it
come to this !

The white lip quivereth not, to my impassion'd kiss !
'Tis a coldness like the grave ! My idol ! can it be ?
O Father, from thy throne above, in mercy look on me.

They told me how the fever rag'd, and, in his broken
dream,
How he call'd upon the absent, with shrill and frantic
scream,
How he set his teeth on cup and spoon, with hated
medicine fraught,
But, at his father's treasur'd name, he took the bitterest
draught.

God gave me strength to lay him where his young mo-
ther slept.
The fragrant vines she used to train around her feet had
crept,
But I cut their roots away, that the bud she lov'd the
best
Might spread its wither'd petals upon her pulseless breast.

And now I wander wide beneath a foreign sky,
In the stranger's home I lodge, for no household hearth
have I, —
There are grey hairs on my temples, despite my early
years,
But I find there's still a comfort in drying others' tears.

Why should I cloud my brow ? Or yield to dark despair ?
All, — all men are my brethren, and this fruitful earth is
fair,

For I know, when heaven hath wounded and prob'd the
bleeding breast,
Its richest, healing balm is, in making others blest.

The poor man he doth thank me, and the orphan's grate-
ful prayer
Breathes sweetly o'er my lonely soul, and soothes away
its care, —
In the sick peasant's cabin the gift he needs I lay,
And, ere he seeks the giver, I vanish far away.

I have a sacred joy, close lock'd from mortal eye
My lov'd ones come to visit me, when lost in dreams
I lie, —
They speak such words to charm me as only angels
say,
And the beauty of their robes of light beams round me
through the day.

God is their keeper, and their friend, their bliss no tongue
can tell,
And more I love His holy name that in His home they
dwell, —
O may He grant me grace divine, while on these shores of
time,
To learn the dialect they speak in yon celestial clime.

Beside his glorious throne they rest, on seraph-harps they
play;

Why should I wish them back again in these cold tents
of clay?

A stricken, — not a mournful man, — I sigh, but not
repine,

For my heart is in that land of love, with those I hope to
join.

THE POET'S BOOKS.

A PoET should be conversant with God
In all his works. For, from the untrodden cliff
Where fiery Andes mocks the driven cloud —
To the obscurest moss which arctic storms
Deny an efflorescence — from the roar
Of the wild rainbow-cinctur'd cataract,
To the slight ripple of the loneliest lake,
All speak of Him.

Choose not the ponderous tomes
Where Science wastes away the oil of life,
And early hoary, seeks the voiceless tomb,
Its lessons still unlearn'd ; nor lose thyself
In the entangling lore of many lands,
Until thy mother tongue seem strange to thee.
Much knowledge is much toil, and hath no end.
But come thou forth, amid the breeze-swept trees,
And learn their language. Ask the peaceful vales,
Where roam the herds, or where the reaper plies
His busy sickle — ask the solemn sea,
With all its foaming wilderness of waves,

To spread its mighty volumes out for thee,
And search thou there, on every fearful page,
Jehovah's name.

Question the rough-leaved herb,
That lines the simpler's scrip, nor scorn to heed
Such answer as its healing essence yields.
Talk with the fire-fly, as it gilds the eve,
And catch the murmur of the waving boughs,
Where hides the slumbering nest.

List, when old night,
That dark-rob'd queen, disbands the muffled stars,
And boldly writeth on the vaulted sky
Its Maker's awful name. When weary day,
Casting her deeds into grey twilight's lap,
Doth sleep, forgetful of the Judge, — be there,
A student of its annal, if perchance
Its varying burden, fitted to thy harp,
May breathe true wisdom.

Take thy choicest books
From Nature's library, and be thy creed
Such soul-entrancing poesy as makes
Virtue more lovely, and inspires the hymn
That seraphs set to music.

OAK IN AUTUMN.

OLD oak ! old oak ! my only one,
Round which the poet's mesh I twine,
When rosy wakes the joyous sun,
Or, wearied, sinks at day's decline,
I see the frost-king here and there,
Choosing some leaflet for his own,
Or pointing with proud finger where
He soon shall rear the usurper's throne.

Too soon ! too soon ! in crimson bright,
Cold mockery of thy woe, he'll flout,
And proudly climb thy topmost height,
To hang his flaunting signal out ;
While thou, all shuddering at thy fall,
Shalt stand with seam'd and naked bark,
Like banner-staff, so tall and straight,
His ruthless victory to mark.

I, too, old friend, when thou art gone,
Will pensive to my casement go,

And, like the stricken Druid, moan
The withering of the mistletoe,
But, when young spring, with matin clear,
Shall wake the bird, the stream, the tree,
Fain would I at her call appear,
And hang my slender wreath on thee.

THE FOREST TRIBES.

WHERE are they, the forest-rangers,
Children of this western-land ?
Who, to greet the pale-fac'd strangers,
Stretch'd the unsuspecting hand ?
Where are they, whom passion goaded
Madly to the unequal fight,
Tossing wild the feathery arrow
'Gainst the girded warrior's might ?

Were not these their own bright waters ?
Were not these their native skies ?
Rear'd they not their red-brow'd daughters
Where our princely mansions rise ?
From the vale their roofs have vanish'd,
From these streams their slight canoe ;
Chieftains and their tribes have perish'd,
Like the thickets where they grew.

Though their blood, no longer gushing,
Wakeneth war's discordant cry,

Stains it not the maple's flushing,
When sad autumn's step is nigh ?
None are living to deplore them,
None survive their names to tell ;
But the sad breeze murmuring, o'er them,
Seems to sigh, Farewell ! farewell !

LAPSE OF YEARS.

COME to thy native village, — thou, who long
Hast been a denizen of richer climes
And prouder domes. Nature in her best garb
Welcomes thee back, and like a peasant-friend
Exulting, filleth at her cottage-door
The beechen cup, with honied balm, for thee.
She fain would tell thee tales of every change
In her slight drama, since thou last wert here,
Tho' none her scene hath shifted, or exchang'd
Her honest-hearted actors, save grey Time,
Scattering the elm-leaves o'er the russet walk,
Or to the seedling in its bed of mould
Whispering that spring had come. She bids thee seek
Thy favourite brook, where memory, ancient crone,
Waiteth to point thee where thy tiny boat
Or water-wheel sped gaily, or to show
The broader pool, upon whose icy glade
Thy foot was fleetest, while thy merry voice
Rang like a bugle, when the shout was high.

— Behold the clamorous band, releas'd from school, —
And, farther on, in yon embowered recess,
That fair and blooming creature sweetly deck'd
With all the grace of perfect womanhood.
Lo, thou hast taken her oft-times in thine arms
When but a few brief-moons had o'er her roll'd,
And sang to please her, tho' the watchful nurse
Was fain to snatch her from thine untaught hand,
Fearing thy whisker'd cheek might frighten her.
Thou canst not think so many years have fled
Since those good times ; — and yet as silently
As the light snow-flake glide our fleeting days,
And, while we dream their greenness still survives,
Amid the remnant of their wither'd pride,
Our steps make sullen echo.

Yet, 'tis weak

To mourn the change that nature writes on man,
As heavenly wisdom dictates. Doth the sheaf
Look back regretful to its bursting germ ?
Or the ripe fruit bemoan the fallen flower ?
Why then should man lament his vanish'd morn ?
The day of duty is the day of joy ;
Of highest joy, such as the heavens do bless.
So, keep perpetual summer in thy soul,
And take the spirit's smile along with thee,
Even to thy winding-sheet.

Yon lowly roof,

Thou know'st it well, and yet it seems more low

Than it was wont to seem ; for thou hast been
A denizen of loftier domes, and halls
Meet for the feet of princes. Ask thou not
For father or for mother, they who made
That humble home so beautiful to thee :—
But go thy way, and show to some young heart
The same deep love, the same unchanging zeal
Of pure example, pointing to the skies,
That nurtur'd thee. So shalt thou pay the debt
To nature's best affections, and to God.

THE WAR-SPIRIT.

WAR-SPIRIT ! war-spirit ! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath :
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild cry,
While the fold of their banners gleams bright o'er the sky.

Thy glories are sought till the life-throb is o'er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore ;
'Mid the ruins of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time,
The muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And history her annal emblazons with thine.

War-spirit ! war-spirit ! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done —
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey ;
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march by its features of pain,
While famine and pestilence stalked in thy train,
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul was the plague-spot of hell ;
Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-spirit ! war-spirit ! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race ;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried —
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the angel of peace.

RETURN OF THE PARENTS.

LONG had they sped
O'er distant hill and valley, — noting much
God's goodness in the riches of the land,
The summer fruitage, and the harvest hoard,
The reaper, wrestling with the bearded wheat,
And the proud torrent's glory, when it shakes
The everlasting rock, — nor yet forgets
To sprinkle greenness on the lowliest flower,
All trembling at its base. — Much, too, they spake
Of pleasure 'neath the hospitable roof
Of sever'd kindred, — how the quicken'd heart
Wins, from such meetings, power to wipe away
The dust of household care, which sometimes hangs
In clouds o'er the clear spirit.

But anon
The eloquent lip grew silent, for they drew
Near that blest spot which throws all other lights
Into strong shadow, — *home !*

At that dear thought
The bosom's pulse beat wildly, and the wheels
Were all too slow, though scarce the eager steeds

Obey'd the rein. And, as the mother spake
Somewhat in murmurs of her youngest boy,
There came a flood of beauty o'er her brow,—
For holy love hath beauty, — which grey time
Could never steal.

'Tis there, behind the trees,
That well-known roof : and from the open door
What a glad rush ! — The son, who fain would take
His mother in his arms, as if her foot
Was all too good for earth ; and at his side
The beautiful daughter, with her raven hair
So smoothly folded o'er her classic brow,
The infant, crowing in its nurse's arms ;
The bold boy, in his gladness, springing up
Even to his father's shoulder, — lisp'ing tongues,
And little, dancing feet, and outstretch'd hands
Grasping the parents' skirts, — it was a group
That artist's pencil never yet hath sketch'd
In all its plenitude.

And when I saw
The brightness of the tear of joy, I felt
How poor the pomp of princes, and the dross
Of beaten gold, compar'd with that dear wealth,—
Home, and its gratulations, and the ties
Which Heaven hath twisted round congenial souls,
To draw them to itself.

THE FIRESIDE.

“ SAY, what have you brought to our own fireside ? ”

“Twas a mother’s voice that spake ;

“ The wintry tempest doth loudly chide,

But peace and joy shall with us abide ;

O cherish them for my sake.

“ A common stock is our happiness here,

Each heart must contribute its mite,

The bliss to swell, or the pain to cheer ;

Husband and son, and daughter, dear,

What have you brought to-night ? ”

Then the studious boy, from his storied page,

Look’d up with a thoughtful eye :

That knowledge gleam’d there which doth charm
the sage,

And shine like a flame thro’ the frost of age

With warmth and majesty.

A girl was there, like a rose on its stem,

And her sacred song she pour’d.

Beauty and music, a blended gem,
Shook from their sparkling diadem,
To enrich the evening hoard.

By a pale, sick child was a treasure brought,
The smile of patient trust,
For disease had a precious moral wrought,
And quiet and pure was her chasten'd thought,
As a pearl by the rude sea nurs'd.

An infant rose from its cradle-bed,
And clung to the mother's breast,
But soon to the knee of its sire it sped, —
Love was its gift, — and the angels said,
That the baby's gift was best.

Then the father spake, with a grateful air,
Of the God his youth had known ;
And the mother's sigh of tender care
Went up in the shape of a winged prayer,
And was heard before the Throne.

DREAMS.

REVERE the mind, so full of mystery,
Even in its passive hours.

Behold it roam,
With unseal'd eye and wide unfolded wing,
While the tir'd body sleeps. Immortal guest !
Our earthly nature bows itself to thee,
Pressing its ear of flesh unto the sigh
Of thy perturbed visions, if perchance
It hear some murmur of thy birth divine,
Thy deathless heritage.

Ah ! dreams are dear
To those whom waking life hath surfeited
With dull monotony. When the long day
Wends to its close, and stealthy evening steals,
Like some lean miser, greedily to snatch
Hope's wreath, that morning gave, is it not sweet
To close our eyelids, and to find the rose
That hides no thorn, the gold that knows no rust,
Spreading where'er we tread ? — Is it not sweet
To 'scape from stern reality, and glide
Where'er wild fancy marks her fairy way

Unlimited? If adverse fortune make
Our pillow stony, like the patriarch's bed
At lonely Bethel, do not pitying dreams
Plant a bright ladder for the angels' feet,
And change our hard couch to the gate of heaven,
And feed our souls on manna, till they loath
Their household bread ?

To traverse all unblam'd
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby ;
To hear unearthly music ; to inhale
Ambrosial fragrance from the spicy groves
That never fade ; to see the tyrant tomb
Unlock its treasure-valve, and freely yield
The lov'd, the lost, back to our glad embrace ;
To catch clear glimpses of the streets of gold,
And harpers, harping 'mid the eternal hills, —
These are the pastimes which the mind doth take
While its poor clay companion slumbers deep,
Weary and worn.

If thou in wintry climes
Should'st roam unchang'd, thy very heart's blood chill'd,
Lay but thy cold hand on a winged dream,
And it shall bear thee straight with bounding pulse
To drink the sunbeams of thine own blue skies,
Where the young cottage children freely fill
Their pinafores with flowers.

Should ocean swell,
Or the eternal mountains stretch their bars

'Tween thee and thy lov'd home, how strangely sweet
To touch the talisman of dreams, and sit
Again on thine own sofa, hand in hand
With the most lov'd, thy children near thy side,
At their untiring play, the shaded lamp
Shedding its quiet ray, while now and then
The clock upon the mantel-piece doth speak,
To register the diamond sands of time,
Made brighter by thy joys.

So, may'st thou hold

Existence in two hemispheres, and be
Happy in both, — yea, in each separate zone
Have thine own castles, and revisit them
Whene'er it pleaseth thee.

But more than this, —

If thou wilt seek the fellowship of dreams,
And fearless yield thee to their loving sway,
And make them friends, they'll swiftly bear thee up
From star to star, and let thee hear the rush
Of angel-wings, upon God's errands speeding, —
And, while they make some silver cloud thy car,
Will whispering tell thee that the unslumbering soul
Wears immortality upon its crest,
And, by its very power to soar with them,
Proves that it cannot die.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL AT A FESTIVAL.

I SAW her, where the summer flowers
Lay sprinkled o'er the shaven green,
While birds sang gaily from their bowers,
And crystal streamlets flow'd between.

I saw her, — but no song she heard, —
No word of fond delight she spoke ;
Nor from the landscape's glorious charms
One ray upon her spirit broke ; —

For, while her young companions share
Those joys that ne'er await the blind,
A moral night of deep despair,
Descending, wraps her lonely mind.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,
Or in her bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

No ! still, with unambitious mind,
The needle's patient task to ply,
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye ;

With order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose ;
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where autumn's bounty flows ;

With touch so exquisitely true,
That vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognise, with ardour due,
Some friend or benefactor nigh ;

Her hand 'mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal ;
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,—
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living gems she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery.

As if, at length, relenting skies,
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze
Where Nature, in her curtain'd shrine,
The strange and new-born thought surveys ?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal ;
And wild ideas throng the mind,
That palsied speech must ne'er reveal ;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And, leaping o'er her barrier cold,
Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall, with magician's wand,
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections slumber fond,
Like germs unwak'd 'mid wintry snows ?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll,
The mystic characters may see,
Save He who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key ?

Then on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home,
Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes, — uninterpreted and drear,
 Toil onward with benighted mind ;
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
 And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,
 Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart ;
Nor that blest Book which guides above,
 Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou who didst on Calvary die,
 Flows not thy mercy wide and free ?
Thou who didst rend of *Death* the tie,
 Is *Nature's* seal too strong for Thee ?

And Thou, O Spirit pure ! whose rest
 Is with the lowly, contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
 And cleanse of latent ill the stain,

That she, whose pilgrimage below
 Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
 Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell,
 When from the ear its seal shall part,
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
 And holy transport thrills the heart ;

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar
Of everlasting praise sublime ;

When those veiled orbs, which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan of Deity the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

THE END.







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